The Enterprise.

VOL. 1. BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1895. NO. 6.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:29 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).
8:14 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).
9:15 A. M. Daily.
1:04 P. M. Daily.
2:47 P. M. Daily.
4:23 P. M. Daily.
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.

SOUTH.

7:20 A. M. Daily.
8:49 A. M. Daily.
11:16 A. M. Daily.
12:25 P. M. Daily.
5:05 P. M. Daily (except Sunday).
6:02 P. M. Daily.
7:10 P. M. Daily.
12:19 A. M. (Sunday A. M., only).

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Cars arrive and depart every twenty minutes during the day, from and to San Francisco.

STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abattoir, South San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.

Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m., to 6 p. m. Sundays, 9 to 10 a. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North	9:00	3:00
" South	10:00	6:45

MAIL CLOSES.

No. 5. South.....8:30 a. m.
No. 14. North.....9:50 a. m.
No. 13. South.....2:30 p. m.
No. 6. North.....6:00 p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Pioneer Hall.

Sunday school at 3:30 p. m.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
H. W. Walker.....Redwood City
ASSESSOR
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
J. F. Johnston.....Redwood City
SHERIFF
Wm. P. McEvoy.....Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

The Goldfields of Alaska.

Casey Moran, who arrived in the city last Sunday from Juneau, Alaska, for a short stay, brings down some interesting gossip from that faroff Eureka. He says that many mines are being developed near Juneau, and that good prospects are being located by the score. The Juneau Mining company has about finished its new mill and will soon begin crushing ore.

According to recent advices from Cook's Inlet, the section attracting the most attention, it is learned that miners are making from $3 to $20 a day each, and are able to work nine months each year. Fully 150 men have outfitted at Juneau for this locality, and many intend going up early in the spring. The Silver Queen, below Juneau and across the channel from the famous Treadwell, is turning out some very rich ore and is attracting much attention.

Mr. Moran says there are numbers of people going into the Yukon, despite the fact that there are many at Juneau who have been in there, and who would not go back for anything. He adds:

"There is one thing I like about that country, and that is the patriotism of the natives to America. They absolutely refuse to do work of any kind on the Fourth of July, no matter how much money is offered."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Slept Twenty Years In a Coffin.

It is seldom that a man dies in a coffin, but that is exactly what old Barney Frickers of Alliance, O., did when he finally gave up the ghost in the fall of 1890. For more than 20 years old Barney had been haunted with the idea that he was on the verge of the grave. Every evening he declared that he would never again see the sun rise. He constantly brooded over his queer hallucination and never allowed himself to go to sleep without being carefully prepared for death and burial. Every night he robed himself in his grave clothes and solemnly laid down in his coffin and passed the night firmly believing and probably hoping that for him the day would never dawn again. Finally death came; but, grim and sly as he was, he did not find old Barney unprepared. The coffin in which this queer old character had so often awakened disappointed was of his own make and was said to have been a curiosity in itself, being literally covered with all kinds, patterns and sizes of allegorical carving.—St. Louis Republic.

COAST NEWS ITEMIZED

Important Events of the Week in Condensed Form.

ITEMS TO SUIT THE BUSY READER.

Pithy, Pointed Paragraphs That Describe Recent Happenings in a Manner to Suit Everybody.

William Heron was killed at Healdsburg last week by the accidental discharge of a gun.

A party of hunters had a battle with four bears near Cloverdale. A male bear weighing 500 pounds was killed.

Society women of San Jose will issue a New Year's edition of a newspaper for the benefit of the Associated Charities.

A heavy shock of earthquake was felt at Fairfield one morning last week. The vibrations were northeast and southwest.

H. E. Huntington and Julius Kruttschnitt of the Southern Pacific Company are en route from Salt Lake City to San Francisco.

George Place of Ukiah was held up by two footpads. After a terrific struggle he fought off the robbers and escaped. He was severely beaten.

Burglars are still operating at Vallejo. Brownlie's hardware store was entered a few mornings ago and several hundred dollars' worth of goods stolen.

W. J. Pearne, Jr., of Gridley, who was indicted by the Grand Jury for running over and killing an old lady at Biggs, was released today on $3000 bail.

Professor Perrine's comet can now be seen from the Lick Observatory by the naked eye. It is rapidly approaching the sun, and will soon become an evening object.

The two-year-old son of Daniel Lnych, of Ukiah, was kicked to death by a horse. The hoof of the animal struck the child on the head and fractured its skull.

The early construction of an electric railway from Sacramento to Fair Oaks is almost assured, as the rights of way have been secured. The road will be operated by electricity from Folsom.

The Southern Pacific railroad is arranging for several excursions from Los Angeles to other Southern California cities, the object being to give tourists an opportunity to visit various sections of the State at small cost.

Ralph Leggett and Marion Sinonen were brought down from Round Valley late last night, and lodged in jail. Leggett was convicted of burglary and Sinonen was sent up for fifty days for attempting to aid Leggett to break jail.

Judge Fullerton sentenced Sam G. Brown to death for the second time for the murder of Alfred Kincaid August 12, 1894, in Oakland, Or. He is to be executed January 31st. An appeal will be made to Governor Lord for clemency.

Three "shell game" gamblers were arrested at Port Harford. They were caught in the act of working the game upon the steamer passengers and tourists by Deputy Constables Childers and Gaxiola, and were at once lodged in the County Jail.

Jepp E. Helle, a Dane about 30 years of age, who has been employed at the Watsonville House as a dishwasher for the past two years, committed suicide today by hanging. He was simple-minded and no doubt was temporarily insane when he committed the deed.

H. E. Gifford, a brakeman on the Butte, Anaconda and Pacific, fell from a car and was run over and terribly mangled this evening near Butte. Both legs and a thigh were crushed and his body nearly cut in two, in spite of which he is still alive. He is unmarried. He has a sister, Mrs. Fishborn, living in Salem, Or.

The California State Protective Association, which embraces in its membership the wholesale and retail liquor dealers of Los Angeles, is hard after the various local drug stores, which are alleged to be doing a liquor business without the formality of paying into the City Treasury any license tax for that privilege.

Three days of home life were sufficient for Mrs. Jamieson, whose elopement from Victoria two years ago with Arthur Turner, and whose return the other day, caused a sensation. Unable to bear the frigid shoulder of society she left her father's home at Port Angeles today for San Francisco on the steamship Umatilla. It is said she has secured a position as governess in San Francisco.

The will of the late Randall Rich, a pioneer and capitalist, who died in Chico last Saturday, provides that F. C. Lusk be the executor and that his estate be converted into cash; to his faithful housekeeper, Lizzie Crowley, he left two-tenths of his estate, about $10,000; to J. C. Noonan, Jr. and Elizabeth Noonan, one-tenth each; Miss Salie McKim Jackson, one-tenth, and to a niece in Massachusetts, five-tenths. The deceased was a bachelor and left an estate valued at nearly $60,000.

A heavy shock of earthquake closely followed by a lighter one was felt in Fullerton early Sunday morning.

Arrangements for the inauguration of Governor-elect Bradley of Kentucky at Frankfort are rapidly nearing completion.

Mrs. Carrie Brown, a handsome and apparently wealthy woman of Keokuk, Ia., blew out her brains in a hotel at Omaha the other night.

Grant Hibbs of Dexter, Ia., fatally shot his wife and committed suicide Saturday night. He had recently been released from an insane asylum.

"Jack" Harris, a proof-reader in the Kansas State printing office at Emporia, was murdered last week in the outskirts of town supposedly by tramps.

Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls visited General Harrison the other day. It is currently reported he came out for Harrison as the Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1896.

George Lovell of Fresno pleaded guilty to cutting timber on Government land and was sentenced to pay a fine at Los Angeles of $100 and serve two days in the County Jail.

A sensational attempt at a double suicide by means of a pistol was made on Saturday at the Grand Hotel, New York, by Charles Galloway and his sister-in-law, between whom a liaison has existed.

The sixteen pilots of the pilot boat, which was damaged by the British steamer Cambroman off the Mersey Saturday, who took to a small punt for fear the pilot boat was sinking, have been rescued.

A murder mystery at Brooklyn may be cleared up by the arrest of Jack Quinn and his wife at Chicago. They were arrested for fighting, and the woman told of the murder, hoping to be released.

John Brownlies' hardware store at Vallejo, was entered Saturday night and $200 worth of cutlery and pistols were taken. The tills were left untouched, although there was money in them.

Richard Fisk, a lineman, while working on top of an electric light pole at Sacrmento, Saturday, received so severe a shock from a live wire that he was hurled to the ground. He suffered a broken arm and broken leg.

William Heron was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun he was carrying, while returning to his home on Austin creek. He was a native of Scotland, 43 years of age, and leaves a widow residing in San Francisco.

A team of sixteen players of the Whist Club of San Francisco met a team of the Petaluma Whist Club at a match game at Petaluma Saturday night. The contest was won by the home team by a score of 850 to 814 tricks.

John Vantine, alias "Butch," an ex-convict, has been arrested in Sacramento, on a charge of garroting and robbing a countryman in an alley. The police, however, refuse to tell the man's name or say how much money he lost.

A few minutes before 8 o'clock Sunday morning a heavy shock of earthquake was experienced in Fairfield, lasting five seconds. Three distinct oscillations were plainly felt, the vibrations running from northeast to southwest.

Instead of T. Z. Lewis, the bond forger, getting over $200,000 from Cincinnati leaving forged bonds as collateral, he got only $25,000 from Cincinnati—$5000 from W. E. Hutton, a broker, and $20,000 from the German National Bank.

H. E. Huntington, assistant to the president, and Julius Kruttschnitt, general manager, of the Southern Pacific road, passed through Salt Lake Saturday at noon in a private car on the Rio Grande Western road, en route to San Francisco.

H. W. Yorke, a bridge carpenter on the Corral Hollow Railroad, Tracy, fell off a bridge being built over Tom Paine slough Saturday and broke two ribs. He was taken to the County Hospital this morning. He was carrying a heavy timber and slipped off the trestle.

A young woman named Mrs. Carrie Fellows Dailey attempted to commit suicide Saturday night, at Sacramento, at the Pacific Hotel, by taking laudanum. A physician saved her life. The woman had had a quarrel with John Dailey, her husband.

Jonathan Tice and George G. Smith, well-known citizens of Portland, are prisoners in the County Jail on a charge of forgery. Last Saturday the Grand Jury returned an indictment charging them, in conjunction with F. C. Moffit and George W. Edgar, with the forgery of the will of Nancy M. Love for the purpose of defrauding Lewis Love, her husband. Moffit is serving a term in the penitentiary for forgery, and Edgar, who is an attorney, jumped his bail while awaiting an appeal to the Supreme Court, he also having been convicted of forgery. The Love estate is valued at $135,000.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Condensed Telegraphic Reports of Late Events.

BRIEF SPARKS FROM THE WIRES.

Budget of News for Easy Digestion—All Parts of the Country Represented—Interesting Items.

Joseph Jefferson denies having been interviewed at St. Paul last week.

A convention of railroad workers from all over the country is in session at Hazelton, Pa.

The convention of the Ohio Miners' Association will be held at Shawnee next Thursday.

A fire in Rutherford, N J., last week destroyed half a dozen buildings. The loss is about $100,000.

The statement of the Treasury shows: Available cash balance, $175,397,716; gold reserve, $76,641,404.

W. A. Vanhorn admits that it will not be long before he will resign from the presidency of the Canadian Pacific.

Ex-President Harrison, when questioned about the report of his coming marriage, said that he would not discuss it.

By the sinking of the tug Pearl B. Campbell of Huron isle in Lake Superior last Saturday seven men were drowned.

Dr. J. C. Moore, president of the defunct Commonwealth National Bank of Manchester, N. H., has surrendered to his bondsmen.

The window-glass trust has decided not to shut down its plants on January 1st as intended. Several big factories declined to close and this caused a change of plan.

The coal operators of Ohio having absolutely refused to concede anything to the miners employed, in the company store matter, there remains every prospect of a State strike.

President Miller of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad announces the appointment of E. J. Earling general manager of the road, as second vice-president in place of Mr. Ripley, who goes to the Santa Fe.

Judge Bischoff of New York has granted a temporary injunction restraining the organization committee of the Chicago gas companies and the Central Trust Company from proceeding with the so-called consolidation plan.

A special to the Washington Post from Norfolk, Va., says: The heavy downpour of rain which set in shortly after the President and party were settled in their blinds in Cape Hatteras channel, prevented their enjoying much sport.

Emma Davis, the sixth victim of the fire in a tenement at St. Louis on October 29th, died last week. She made an ante-mortem statement that she was the common law wife of the late Thomas Hanna, a millionaire, whose estate owns the building that was burned.

William Ray, of Coal Creek, Col., shot and killed his wife, and then turned the pistol on himself, sending a bullet through his right temple. He died instantly, and his wife lived about an hour. They were young and have not got on well since they were married. They had no children.

The Postmaster-Generals of New South Wales, Victoria and Queensland met today to discuss the projected Pacific cable scheme. It is understood that they decided to send two delegates to the conference that will be held on the subject.

A special from Toledo, Ohio, says: Miss Amelia Glover, the well-known actress, left here for New York today upon receiving a letter saying that her husband, John G. Russell, the comedian, is dying. Miss Glover is herself so ill from worry that her friends here are anxious.

The Secretary of the Interior approved the following selections made by States as school and indemnity selections: California, 9060 acres in the San Farncisco land district: Oregon, 4845 acres in the Lakewood land district; Oklahoma, 13,520 acres, and 9855 acres in Minnesota.

Sympathetic strikes in aid of the Housesmith's and Bridgemen's Union in its contest with the Iron League were ordered today, which took about 450 men employed by the Jackson Architectural Iron Company, subcontractors for J. B. and J. M. Cornell The principal trades affected are plasterers, elevator constructors, painters carpenters, electric wire men, marble cutters, derrick men, stone cutters, cement laborers.

DIRECTORS' MEETING.

A meeting of the Board of Directors of the Citizens' Mutual Protective Association will be held at the Courtroom on Tuesday, December 17, 1895, at 2 o'clock p. m. Full attendance of the Board is requested.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed,

WOOD AND COAL.

LINDEN AVE., BET. ARMOUR & JUNIPER AVES.

Leave orders at Postoffice.

GRAND HOTEL

P. FERRITER, Prop'r.

Board and Lodging by the Day, $1.00. By the Week, $5.00.

Meals at all Hours, 25 cts.

Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Detroit Livery Stable

EXPRESS AND TEAMING

OF ALL KINDS.

—:o:—

WOOD, HAY AND GRAIN. W. REHBERG, PROPRIETOR.

P & B BUILDING PAPER ROOFING

Approved by Architect Maggs of the South S. F. L. & I. Co. Samples Free.

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THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST!

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—MANUFACTURED BY THE—

CALIFORNIA PAINT CO., 22 JESSIE ST.

Also Manufacturer of Colors in Oil, Putty, Etc., and dealer in Glues, Varnishes, Etc.

PIONEER GROCERY

GEORGE KNEESE

Groceries . and . Merchandise . Generally.

—:o:—

BAKERY.

Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

—:o:—

My stock is extra choice and my prices cheaper than City prices.

My Order Agent and Delivery Wagons visit all parts of South San Francisco and the country adjacent daily. All orders promptly filled.

GEO. KNEESE,
206 GRAND AVENUE.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

GENERAL :-: MERCHANDISE.

GROCERIES,
HARDWARE,
BOOTS & SHOES
CROCKERY,
MEN'S CLOTHING
ETC., ETC., ETC.

:-: Free Delivery. :-:

Our wagons will deliver goods to the surrounding country free of charge. We are prepared to fill the largest orders.

Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

Corner Grand.....and.....San Bruno Aves.

THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

MIMICRY AND REASON.

Indication That This Monkey Is Endowed With a Share of Each.

"That the monkey possesses intelligence to a considerable degree is probably true," said a hotel proprietor who has a small menagerie on his premises. "I believe, however, much of the intelligence with which that animal is credited is due to his love of mimicry.

"The other day two young men with two girls were at the monkey's cage feeding him peanuts. One of the girls was chewing gum, and one of the men suggested that she give the monkey some, expecting that if he took it in his mouth it would stick to his teeth, and he would make sorry work of trying to chew it. The girl at once parted with the sweet morsel she was so industriously chewing, extending it toward the cage. The monkey grabbed it instantly and put it into his mouth, but instead of chewing it, or attempting to, began pulling it out in small ribbons, as children are frequently seen to do. When he had it all out of his mouth, he rolled it into a compact ball between his hands, threw it into his mouth and began the operation again. He appeared to enjoy the performance as much as his visitors. That was imitation."

"That's all right," rejoined another, "but I had an experience with that same monkey wherein he displayed intelligence. I was by the cage smoking one day, and I thought to annoy him by blowing smoke in his face. I was much surprised to find that, instead of being annoyed, he enjoyed it, as was evidenced by his edging up as near me as possible to receive the smoke in larger volumes. Soon he began scratching himself at the point where most of the smoke came against him. When I had smoked one side for a few minutes, he would turn squarely round to have the other side treated in the same way. Then he sat up directly in front of me and received the smoke squarely in the face and neck. I don't know whether he held his breath, but he did not cough, sneeze or wince a particle. To complete the job he then sat with his back toward me, and it would have done you good to have seen him throw his hind feet over his back and scratch. It made me think of the kickers of a hay tedder in motion. Now that monkey knew, through some sort of intelligence, that nothing will send fleas and other insects to the surface or stupefy them as effectively as tobacco smoke."—Utica Observer.

COLLEGE GIRLS AND MARRIAGE.

Bits of Confession That Throw a Light on the Question.

I have no doubt that the remaining cause of the low marriage rate is that many men dislike intellectual women—**whether because such women are really disagreeable or because men's taste is at fault I shall not try to determine. And even among those who like them as friends many feel as the young man did who made this confession:**

"I never expected to marry the sort of girl I did. You know I always believed in intellectual equality and all that and had good friendships with the college girls. But, you see, you girls hadn't any illusions about us. After you had seen us hanging at the board on problems you could work and had taken the same degrees yourselves, you couldn't imagine us wonders just because we had gone through college, and when I met a dear little girl that thought I knew everything—why, it just keeled me right over. It was a feeling I had no idea of."

And the college woman answered:

"I will betray something to you. Lots of us are just as unreformed as you. We want just as much to look up to our husbands as you want to be looked up to. Only of course the more we know the harder it is to find somebody to meet the want. Probably the equal marriage is really the ideal one, and everybody will come to prefer it some day. But personally I like men to be superior to me. Only I'll tell you what I don't like in them—the wish to keep ahead of us by holding us back, like spoiled children that want to be given the game and then admired for their skill. If men would encourage us to do our very best, and then do still better themselves, it ought to be good for civilization."—"The Marriage Rate of College Women," by Milicent W. Shinn, in Century.

All He Knew.

Foote, celebrated as he was as a man of great talent and wit, was not content to leave the stage alone, though his performances upon it brought him a most unenivable notoriety. His Othello is said to have been a perfect burlesque, and Hamlet, which character he attempted in the early part of his life, at his own benefit, was still more ludicrous.

In the scene where Hamlet quarrels with Laertes, saying:

> What is the reason you use me thus?
> I loved you ever—but it is no matter.
> Let Hercules himself do what he may,
> The cat will mew, the dog will have his day.

Foote desired to distinguish himself and entered into the quarrel with such spirit that the words completely deserted him.

"Let Hercules himself do what he may," began the actor, with great heat, "the dog will mew—no, that's the cat. The cat will bark—no, that's the dog! The dog will m—no, that's the cat again! The cat will—no, the dog—pshaw! It's something about mewing and barking," concluded the bewildered Foote in a profuse perspiration. "It's all about mewing and barking, ladies and gentlemen, but I know nothing more of the matter!"—Youth's Companion.

Though Vermont has increased in population but 2,000 in 25 years, Massachusetts has added nearly 1,000,000 to its inhabitants in the same time, and Rhode Island and Connecticut also show a steady growth.

THE SUN A BIG ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Its Dazzling Brilliancy Caused by Glowing Clouds of Carbon.

The light of the great orb of day emanates solely from a closely fitting robe of surpassing brightness. The great bulk of the sun which lies within that brilliant mantle is comparatively obscure, and might at first seem to play but an unimportant part so far as the dispensing of light and heat is concerned.

With regard to the thickness of the robe we might liken this brilliant exterior, says Sir Robert Ball, to the delicate, filmy skin of the peach.

As the ability of the sun to warm and light this earth arises from the properties of the thin, glowing shell which surrounds it, we want to ascertain what that special stuff can be which enables the sun to be so useful to us dwellers of the earth. This great problem has been solved, and the result is extremely interesting and instructive. It has been discovered that this material is carbon.

A lump of coke only differs from a piece of carbon by the ash which the coke leaves behind when burned. As charcoal is almost entirely carbon, so wood is largely composed of this same element.

In the ordinary incandescent electric lamp the brilliant light is produced by a glowing filament of carbon. The powerful current of electricity experiences so much resistance as it flows through this badly conducting substance that it raises the temperature of the carbon wire so as to make it dazzlingly white hot.

There is no known metal, and perhaps no substance whatever, which demands so high a temperature to fuse it as does the element carbon. A filament of carbon, and a filament of carbon alone, will remain unfused and unbroken when heated by the electric current to the dazzling brilliance necessary for effective illumination.

Modern research has now taught us that, just as the electrician has to employ carbon as the immediate agent in producing the brightest of artificial lights down here, so the sun in heaven uses precisely the same element as the immediate agent in the production of its transcendent light and heat.

Owing to the extraordinary fervor which prevails in the interior parts of the sun, all substances there present, no matter how difficult we may find their fusion, would have to submit to be melted—nay, even to be driven off into vapor.

In the presence of the intense heat of the inner parts of the sun even carbon itself is unable to remain solid.

The buoyancy of carbon vapor is one of its most remarkable characteristics; accordingly immense volumes of the carbon steam in the sun soar at a higher level than do the vapors of the other elements.

As the buoyant carbon vapors soar upward through the sun's atmosphere they attain at last to an elevation where the fearful intensity of the solar heat has so far abated that, though nearly all other elements may still remain entirely gaseous, yet the exceptionally refractory carbon begins to return to the liquid state.

Under the influence of a chill the carbon vapor collects into a myriad host of little beads of liquid.

Each of these drops of liquid carbon in the glorious solar clouds has a temperature and a corresponding radiance vastly exceeding that with which the filament glows in the incandescent electric lamp.—Boston Globe.

The Preservation of Foods.

The great advance in the preservation of foods is perhaps most clearly shown in a recent article in a French magazine. The article discusses the preserving of provisions from the military standpoint. It states that 40,000 rations of vegetables can be stored in a cubic space of 40 inches each way; that millions of rations of solid soups and preserved meats are continually stored in Paris, while the quantity of flour and biscuit is fabulous. Milk during the last siege of Paris was worth its weight in gold. Now the method of "pasteurizing" milk and putting it in hermetically sealed cans is found to preserve milk indefinitely and insures against suffering those classes of the community that suffer most from scarcity of milk—the feeble, aged and infants.

Compressed fodder and the silo system are the safeguards used by the government to protect animals in case of siege, while an enormous cold storage warehouse at La Vilette insures fresh meats for a long period. The application of science to the food problem has reduced the perplexities of families living on small incomes, but it may force a complete change in military maneuvers, starvation of the besieged being made almost impossible.—Outlook.

His Part.

When the Prince de Joinville was at Bathurst many years ago he was received by the Royal African corps, black troops officered by white men. He attended a dinner party wherein mulattoes appeared in full evening dress, low bodices, lace handkerchiefs and fans. Afterward, dining at Washington with Charles Sumner, the great abolitionist, the prince amused himself by telling about his Bathurst dinner and asked Sumner whether he had ever given his arm to a negress. The prince awaited his answer with some curiosity, to see whether he would dare answer in the affirmative before the American ladies, who were quite sensitive on the color question, but he got out of it very adroitly. "My dear prince," said he, "in every religion each man has his own share of work. I preach and you practice. Don't let us mix the two things together."—Argonaut.

Ellen F. McCarthy.

Miss Ellen F. McCarthy received one of the best averages in a recent examination for internes, and she will have the distinction of being the first woman interne in any of the hospitals in Cincinnati. She will graduate this month from the Woman's Medical college, which she has been attending for three years, and will then take her position as interne in the City hospital. Her home is in Titusville, Pa. Miss McCarthy is not yet 23 years of age and is described as a pretty little woman who ranks as one of the brightest students in her college.

She Knew Him.

"He will turn the tables on you if you are not careful," said one woman to another, who was berating her husband.

"Turn nothing!" she exclaimed. "He's so lazy he wouldn't turn a table if it was on rollers."—Detroit Free Press.

PERSONAL COMMENT

James and Mary Nugent of Jackson, Mich., have been married 68 years.

Herbert Spencer declined to be made a knight of the German Order of Merit.

Mrs. Perrine, mother of Mrs. Cleveland, will be at Gray Gables this summer when most needed.

Adolph Mercer, a German tanner of England, has lately been expelled from the tanners' union for the crime of tanning a human skin.

The late John Thomas Talbot, an old and wealthy citizen of Cleveland, was the owner of a pocketknife which General Washington gave his father.

The emperor of Germany has granted a pension of $100 a year to Miss Reis, the daughter of Philip Reis, who, Germans assert, was the real inventor of the telephone.

Uncle David Brown has been for 58 years the messenger of the health bureau at Philadelphia and has earned the title of "O. P. F.," which stands for oldest public functionary.

Mrs. Stanford has spent half her private fortune in keeping the Leland Stanford, Jr., university doors open while the funds of the great estate are tied up by government litigation.

Miss Jessy Gray, a young Scotch woman, educated in Edinburgh and Paris to the profession of music, has been made sanitary inspector of women's workshops in the Islington district of London.

Professor Willard Fiske, the eminent specialist on Italian literature, lives in elegant retirement near Florence, in the house formerly Landor's, where he has recently been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner.

Charles Dexheimer, a wealthy and eccentric man of Long Island, provided in his will that his daughter Laura, "she of the short foot," should have $500 more than any other heir, "because it costs her more for shoes."

Alfred de Musset's sister refuses to have any of his works in her possession published, as she says they will not add to his fame as a poet. She likewise refuses to let his letters be seen, among which is the correspondence between the poet and George Sand.

Twins are usually thought to bear a strong resemblance to each other, but the two 14-year-old sons of Andrew Butler of Warren, Me., are an exception. One weighs 130 pounds and the other 86, one is a foot taller than his twin, and one is light complexioned, while the other is dark.

Mr. John Wanamaker has increased his life insurance to the remarkable aggregate of $2,000,000. He is certainly the most heavily insured man in America and possibly in the world. John B. Stetson of Philadelphia has policies on his life for $750,000 and Hamilton Disston for $600,000. Chauncey M. Depew is said to be insured for $500,000.

TURF TOPICS.

Sir Visto is the fifth representative of the Matchem house to win the English Derby.

A fair and race meeting has been arranged to be held from Sept. 20 to 30 at Sioux City, Ia.

Scotlander, recently burned to death, was the only stallion by imported Bonnie Scotland that closely resembled his sire.

The amount of gambling this year on wheat, if distributed, would cover all the betting on the trotting tracks for a season.

Big Bones, who has captured a record of 2:23¼, is by the imported Percheron Gambetta. Big Bones' weight is 1,300 pounds.

During the past six years Baron de Schicker has won the Grand Prix de Paris three times and M. Edmond Blanc three times.

Joe Widger, who rode Wild Man From Borneo to victory in the Grand National is known as "the plucky boy from Waterford."

Pierre Lorillard intends entering in the English Derby until he gets a smasher and will then pin on the back of his jacket "Follow Me."

The sporting parson still hails in English villages. The bells of three churches rang out their chimes when Lord Rosebery's Sir Visto won the Derby.

A horseshoe hung over the door for good luck fell from its nail on to the head of an Atchison (Kan.) girl a few days ago, injuring her seriously.

The Prince of Wales' two winners at Ascot, June 17, Persimmon and Florizel II, are full brothers, by St. Simon out of Perdita II, a mare by Hampton-Hermione, by Young Melbourne.

Places For Prayer.

The late Dean Stanley used to relate that a gentleman once called to tell him that he had been in the abbey, and had knelt down to pray, when the verger had come up to him and told him he must not kneel there. On asking why not, the verger had said, "Why, sir, if I was once to allow it, we should have them praying all over the place." This recalls the gentleman visiting a church and asking the sexton whether people ever used it for private prayer, to which he replied, "I ketch'd two of 'em at it once."

Are Visiting Lists Too Long?

Mrs. de Fashion (average society lady making her round of calls owing to average society friends)—Is Mrs. Wiggins Van Mortlande at home?

Servant—No, madam, she's—

Mrs. de Fashion—Please hand her my card when she returns.

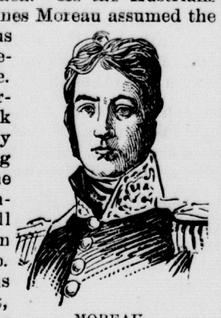
Servant—She won't return, madam. She was buried a month ago.—New York Weekly.

It is not the many oaths that make the truth, but the plain single vow, that is vowed true.—Shakespeare.

Hero of Hohenlinden.

Dec. 3, 1800, closed the list of great battles of the eighteenth century. During the armistice following Marengo Marshal Jean Victor Moreau, the only great rival, after Hoche, of Napoleon, celebrated his wedding in Paris. The honeymoon had scarce begun when the Austrians opened hostilities on the Danube. Moreau hurried to the front, not unmindful of the fate of Hoche, who was killed in his first battle after taking a bride.

The Austrian army, under the young and daring Archduke John, occupied a strong position on the river Inn, but Moreau skillfully maneuvered to draw the duke out in the plains. He succeeded, and thus saved the French enormous sacrifice. Finding his movements unopposed the bold Austrian crossed the Inn where Moreau had not dared venture and pushed on toward the river Isar in rear of the French. As the Austrians drew near his lines Moreau assumed the defensive, thus still further deceiving the duke. The latter ordered a grand attack to be made by marching through the woods of Hohenlinden, to fall suddenly upon the French camp. The march was made at night, during which a heavy snow was falling, not long to be "bloodless" and "untrodden," as described in Campbell's eloquent poem.



MOREAU.

Moreau saw through the enemy's designs, and risked everything to thwart them. Two divisions under Richepause and Decaen marched around the Austrian flank. Ney and Grenier kept their divisions under arms for the auspicious moment. When the Austrians emerged from the woods upon the snow covered plain, Moreau shouted to his marshals, "The time has come to charge!" As Ney and Grenier rushed forward the attack was sprung in the rear. Both columns cut a road through the Austrian mass and united forces. The slaughter was terrible. Campbell's famous poem does not overdraw the picture. Astonishment and surprise overtook the Austrian ranks. Richepause, at one time cut off with five battalions, heroically led them against ten times their number. Retreat was impossible. Quarter was reluctantly sued for by the Austrian nobles from the plebeians of the Republican armies. The snow drank the blood of prince and peasant alike. Moreau captured 80 guns, with 200 caissons and 10,000 prisoners. Over 8,000 were killed and wounded. The battle fully equaled Marengo in brilliancy. Moreau pushed his success so far as to plant his army at the gates of Vienna.

A Daring Forgery.

A neat forgery was recently committed by a Parisian criminal, one Altmayer, which in its adroitness and audacity was worthy of "Jim the Penman" himself.

The accused had lately had several hearings at the Palais de Justice before M. Villiers, juge d'instruction. Several times during these hearings M. Villiers was summoned from the room for a few minutes at a time.

During one of these absences the culprit contrived to get possession of a sheet of paper and an envelope with official printed heading, and also to affix the official seal. Then he drew up at his leisure a document ordering his own immediate release, counterfeiting with rare skill the judge's signature.

On quitting the court one day he handed the letter thus prepared to the sentinel stationed in the corridor and remarked in an offhand manner, "The judge wants you to carry this letter immediately to the director of the Mazas prison." The soldier, suspecting nothing, took the letter and accompanied the prisoner to Mazas. A few minutes later Altmayer was summoned to the director's office and was informed that he was a free man.

With an outburst of simulated joy and surprise he at once took his departure, and as the fraud was not discovered until the following day he had plenty of time to get beyond the reach of the clutches of French justice.

Morgan's Way on a Raid.

Dec. 8, 1862, the redoubtable Morgan captured Hartsville in the teeth of enemies outnumbering his force 10 to 1. With 700 men he crossed the Cumberland at night into Union territory. There rode with him Basil Duke's battalions, and by their side marched a detachment of the Kentucky "Orphans," with their renowned battery, under Captain Cobb. A Union brigade of 2,000 men garrisoned Hartsville, on the north bank of the river. At Castilian Springs, nine miles distant, lay 5,000 more Union troops, with detachments all along the river ready at call. Morgan crossed with boats and stole between the posts at Hartsville and the reserves. Facing toward Hartsville he marched forward, but the garrison was in line to receive him. The fight raged for an hour and a half, much of the time with the combatants firing into each other at 30 paces. The raiders won, and marched toward the river with the survivors of the garrison, all the animals, wagons and stores. At the crossing of the Cumberland the Confederate rear guard was compelled to turn and fight with the reserves from Castilian Springs, who had hurried on at double quick, but only in time to see their game escaping. GEORGE L. KILMER.

Defined.

Johnny Smart—Is there any difference between a duel and a fight?

Old Smart—Yes, indeed. A duel is between two people. When your mother and I have an argument, it's a duel. When your grandma sails into the controversy, it's a fight.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

TURF TOPICS.

America has also its premier Salisbury.

Time is beginning to get the dust of the swift ones in his face.

Lord Ferguson, 2:19¼, has been retired from the turf for the season.

Albin Dawlings, Forest, Ont., states that he owns a horse which was 41 years old last May.

Charles Marvin "neither chews tobacco, smokes cigars nor drinks whisky." He is 55 years of age now.

The Canadian "time" record was set by Mascot at Windsor, July 12, at 2:05, in the face of a keen wind.

Chicago is to have a horseless carriage competition. It will take place Nov. 2 from Milwaukee to the prairie metropolis.

At La Crosse, Wis., July 11, Directly lowered the race record for 3-year-old colts in the pace for horses of his age to 2:10½.

Croker's youngsters, Diana, Montauk and True Blue, have been scratched from all their racing engagements in England for 1895.

Europe is ripening for the change to heat and class trotting contests. Austria will in all likelihood have them in the autumn. Russia will follow.

Del Monte, Cal., has completed a race track that cost $75,000. Walter S. Hobart is expected to keep things alive there with the horses he has taken west.

W. C. France, the breeder of trotters, has retired from the business and has commissioned Woodard & Shanklin to sell his stallions, brood mares and horses in training, 80 in all.—Horseman.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

The Indian reservations amount to 212,000 square miles.

There were 249,273 Indians in this country at the last census.

All the American languages are singularly lacking in abstract terms.

The most ancient Mexican monuments display elegant taste in art and remarkable skill in execution.

Most of the ancient mounds are erected on the upper river terraces and may be 2,000 or 3,000 years old.

Outside of Mexico, Central America and Peru the only permanent structures in this country were mounds.

Torquemada estimates the number of temples in Mexico at the conquest to be at least 40,000, and other writers declare it to be much greater.

Several Indian tribes had a very ingenious device for making fire, a stake being made to revolve at a high rate of speed until its point burst into flame.

The children of Mexican Indian princes were carefully educated by the Spaniards, and several viceroys of Mexico were descended from the Montezumas and bore their name.

The Indian manufactures were confined to the making of canoes, the building of lodges, the weaving of baskets and coarse fabrics and the making of rude weapons and images.

Outside of the Indian Territory, New Mexico has the largest Indian population, 20,521; then comes South Dakota, with 19,845; Arizona, with 16,740; California, with 15,283, the other states having smaller numbers.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Japan had only one newspaper 25 years ago. Now it has 2,000.

The Savannah, the first steamer to cross the Atlantic (in 1819) made the trip in 25 days.

The first book entered for copyright under the laws of the United States was "The Philadelphia Spelling Book."

Tea growing is fast becoming an industry in the vicinity of Fayetteville, N. C. Some North Carolina teas are worth $1.50 per pound.

The mint officials say that over 120,000,000 of the big copper cent pieces were lost during the 60 odd years they were a part of the coinage.

The Joys of Golf.

The fascinations of golf can only be learned by experience. It is difficult to explain them. It has its humorous and its serious side. It can be begun as soon as you can walk, and once begun it is continued as long as you can see. The very nature of the exercise gives length of days. Freedom of movement, swing of shoulder and that suppleness of which the glory had departed all return to the enthusiast. He has a confidence in his own ability which is sublime because it is justified by performance and that self control which chafes the ordinary adversary.—Henry E. Howland in Scribner's.

Rats In the Thames.

A strange sight was seen in London at the great fire in the grain warehouses near Blackfriars' bridge. As the buildings, which were on the water's edge, were burning a black mass was seen in the river floating from the Surrey to the Middlesex side. It was composed of thousands of rats, cut off from escape on the land side. About 10,000 of them succeeded in crossing the river, but were then unable to get up the smooth side of the Thames embankment and were carried down stream and drowned.

Stick to One Style.

The woman who cannot afford an assortment of hats and bonnets and who is also wise never experiments, says a modiste. When she has found a shape that suits her face, she modifies and changes it, but always retains its essential style and conformation, the general outline which serves as an "improver" never being lost sight of. She knows that it is the shape of a hat far more than its mode of trimming or even its prevailing hue that makes it becoming or otherwise.

There is no work of genius which has not been the delight of mankind, no word of genius to which the human heart and soul have not, sooner or later, responded.—Lowell.

Two Rhymes.

Sir William Drummond, finding himself one evening outside a tavern—perhaps the historic Mermaid—peeped in to see if by any chance a "wit combat," as Fuller has it, was in progress. One of the company spied him and dragged him into the room, where he found assembled round the table Ben Jonson, Michael Drayton, Sir Robert Kerr and Sir William Alexander. In such excellent company he passed several hours, and when the time came to pay the reckoning the company fell to rhyming about it. Of all the rhymes the following by Sir William Drummond was voted the best:

> I, Bopeep,
> Saw you four sheep,
> And each of you his fleece.
> The reckoning is five shilling;
> If each of you be willing,
> It's fifteen pence apiece.

More than 100 years afterward Allan Cunningham tells this story of Robert Burns. Strolling one day in Cumberland, the poet lost his friends, and thinking to find them at a certain tavern he popped his head in at the door. Seeing no one there but three strangers, he apologized and was about to retire when one of the strangers called out, "Come in, Johnny Peep." This invitation the convivial poet readily accepted and spent a very pleasant time with his newly found companions. As the conversation began to flag it was proposed that each should write a verse and place it together with two and six under the candlestick, the best poet to take the half crowns, while the unsuccessful rhymers were to settle the bill among them. According to Cunningham, Burns obtained the stakes by writing:

> Here am I, Johnny Peep;
> I saw three sheep,
> And these three sheep saw me.
> Half a crown apiece
> Will pay for their fleece,
> And so Johnny Peep goes free.

—London Standard.

What Makes a Good News Reporter.

One of the best reporters I ever knew was a man who could not spell four words correctly to save his life, and his verb did not always agree with the subject in person and number, but he always got the fact so exactly, and he saw the picturesque, the interesting and important aspect of it so vividly that it was worth another man's while, who possessed the knowledge of grammar and spelling, to go over the report and write it out. Now, that was a man who had genius. He had a talent the most indubitable, and he got handsomely paid, in spite of his lack of grammar, because, after his work had been done over by a scholar, it was really beautiful.

But any man who is sincere and earnest, and not always thinking about himself, can learn to be a good reporter. He can learn to ascertain the truth. He can acquire the habit of seeing. When he looks at a fire, what is the most important thing about that fire? Here, let us say, are five houses burning. Which is the greatest? Whose store is that which is burning, and who has met with the greatest loss? Has any individual perished in the conflagration? Are there any very interesting circumstances about the fire? How did it occur? Was it like Chicago, where a cow kicked over a spirit lamp and burned up the city? All these things the reporter has to judge about. He is the eye of the paper, and he is there to see which is the vital fact in the story and to produce it, tell it, write it out.—Charles A. Dana in McClure's Magazine.

Covers For Dainty Books.

Useful as well as ornamental covers for books and magazines may be made out of linen, silk or brocade, and subsequently decorated, writes Florence Barrett in The Ladies' Home Journal.

How to protect the lovely covers of an edition de luxe while we read and enjoy the book is answered by these temporary covers. For George Eliot's "Romolo" bound in white and gold, make one of scarlet moire, with the name "Romolo," and the design on the cover repeated in gold thread. For Browning bound in white and stamped with sweet peas, an appropriate cover would be gray moire, on which is embroidered a branch of apple blossoms with a tiny brown thrush on the branch. For the poets a line from their works—from Longfellow, for instance:

The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf.

For Hood:

> Boughs are daily rifled
> By the gusty thieves,
> And the book of nature
> Getteth short of leaves.

For Scott:

> I cannot tell how the truth may be.
> I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

A Hint to Bicycle Riders.

There is a little arrangement of my own invention, which many ladies, bicycle riders, have found satisfactory, used to adjust an ordinary skirt to a comfortable riding length. About eight inches from the belt sew on the seams on the under side of the skirt little brass rings, about the size of an old fashioned 5 cent silver piece. Then put the rings between the seams, so they are about six or eight inches apart; then sew on another row diagonally opposite these rings, about six inches lower down on the skirt. Through these rings run a stout, black, smooth cord, the ends coming out into the pocket on the right side. By pulling this string and tying it in a single bowknot, and concealing it in the pocket, the skirt is lifted, for riding. When dismounted, by untying the string and giving the skirt a little shake, it assumes the conventional length. This device is perfectly simple. The rings should be sewn on strong and the string smooth.—Mary Sargent Hopkins in Wheelman.

The Real Labor.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hunnimune, "I learned to cook without any difficulty at all. There was only one trouble about it."

"What was that?"

"Educating my husband's appetite."—Washington Star.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE END OF MANKIND.

Scientists Who Believe That the Human Race Will Shrink Away.

There is a whole school of European scientists who believe that this world will "come to an end," as far as mankind are concerned, at about the year 4000 A. D., by the human race degenerating until they finally disappear from the face of the globe. French, English and German statisticians of this school have been studying the military and other record for proof of their unique theories, and if their published accounts are reliable they have been surprisingly successful.

The records used by both the German and the Frenchman extend back nearly 400 years. From these it is learned that the average height of continental Europeans in 1610 was 5 feet 9 inches. In 1790 they had degenerated until the average was only 5 feet 6 inches and 30 years later, in 1820, it was only 5 feet 5 inches. At the present time it is only 5 feet 3¾ inches. It is an easy matter for expert statisticians to deduce from the above figures facts that will prove a regular and very rapid decline in human stature. Figuring in an opposite direction, it is shown that the men of 5,000 years ago were giants, whose average height was 16 feet and 9 inches. Coming down to our era it is shown that the average height of man was 9 feet, and that in the fifth century there were more men that were over 7 feet high than were less than 6.

But the most astonishing results of this scientific story of degeneration come from the application of this law of gradual diminution to the future. It is shown that by the end of the year 3500 A. D. the stature of the average man will be reduced to 15 inches, and that within less than 500 years from that date, or, say, about the year 4000, mankind will have utterly disappeared from the globe.—St. Louis Republic.

No Precedent.

During a session of the territorial legislature of Montana, held more than 30 years ago, a measure was introduced which appeared to some people to involve serious constitutional questions. One man, who was supposed to possess great oratorical powers, declaimed fiercely against the measure, claiming that it was "clearly in opposition to the great principles of Magna Charta, which the brave barons in days of old had wrested from King John, a blessed result of a bloody conflict."

A lawyer, more famed for his sturdy common sense than for erudition, rose immediately to reply to this burst of fiery eloquence, evidently bent on making it clear that he for one was not to be overcome by high sounding words or obscure allusions.

"It's of mighty little importance what the opinions of King John and his man McCarthy were," he announced firmly, adding that it was high time for legislative bodies of Montana to think and act for themselves without any reference to the principles which governed the remote authorities quoted by his colleague.

The first orator's speech had made some impression, but the retort was received with the enthusiasm which it deserved, and it was owing to his influence rather than that of his more brilliant predecessor that the measure was defeated.—Youth's Companion.

His Harmless Little Stratagem.

"All ready, miss," said the photographer to the austere looking young woman who sat facing the camera. "Please direct your gaze at this mirror at my left. There, that will do, and I have succeeded, I think, in catching your very best expression."—Chicago Tribune.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Susan Couldn't Be Trusted There.

A long legged, gawky sort of a chap from down the Potomac, who was visiting Washington, was walking about the office of the Arlington hotel, apparently gazing on it as one of the sights of the capital, when one of the clerks tackled him for a bit of fun.

"Is there anything we can do for you?" inquired the clerk.

"I reckon not," was the reply.

"Perhaps you would like a room if you are going to be in town."

"Well, I reckon I ain't; leastways not right now."

"Do you think of coming?"

"Well, yes, me and my wife has been talkin about it."

"Of course if you come you won't find a better place than this to stay. We are in the finest quarter of the city, and the White House is just across the street."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the rooster.

"Yes, indeed."

"Then it ain't no place for my wife." This was a startler for the clerk.

"Why not?" he asked in surprise. "She would be greatly pleased."

"In course she would. She'd be tickled to death, she would, but I won't let her come."

"But why?"

"You don't know my wife, I reckon?"

"I have never had that pleasure," bowed the clerk.

"In course you haven't. She's a fine woman, but she's got her weakness."

"But life in this hotel would bring her around all right."

"That's what you say, young feller, but I know Susan. Why, ef she come here to live, she wouldn't be here a week till she'd be runnin acrost the street seven times a day to borrer some dern thing or other from the White House folks. She can't help it to save her life, but they're kinder used to it in our place, and it makes it come a good deal easier on me than it would here, where people is some different in their notions. No, sir, ef we come to Washin'ton to stop any time, I'm goin to git out in the sooburbs, where Susan will have room to spread without bumpin up ag'inst the fust families."—New York Sun.

Cremation on the Battlefield.

The other day the Emperor William, in view of the carnage inseparable from latter day warfare, took counsel with the medical staff of the German war office as to whether or to what extent cremation might not be utilized for the disincumbering of battlefields after such sanguinary combats as those, for example, around Metz in the campaign of 1870. The subject is full of difficulty, and even if cremation be eventually put in practice for such an end it must, without question, call into operation a much larger, a much more variously disciplined medico-military personnel than hitherto. The electric light, after darkness has set in, may be trusted to aid in distinguishing the dying from the dead, but expert examination will be needed before such an irrevocable process as that of the crematorium is applied to bodies in which the vital spark, not wholly extinguished, may yet have a chance of being fanned into flame. This examination will not be called for in the case of those who are either killed outright or whose condition is such that only a few minutes can intervene before rigor mortis begins to declare itself. It may be spared also in those cases where after operation the resources of the field ambulance have failed to re-enforce the powers of life. But from the two sides of the battlefield—from the front and from the rear—the crematorium will never be without food, all too abundant, if the provisions of the Emperor William as to the "butcher's bill" of the next great European war are to be realized.—London Lancet.

Chicago Has a New Bug.

There is a new bug in town. He flies high and goes about seeking whom he may devour. Naturalists have not yet succeeded in finding a name for him, but he is said to belong to the species electric-lightibus terroribus, otherwise known as the "fly by night terror." For there is no doubt that the animal is a terror. There have been electric light bugs ever since that style of illumination was introduced, but this particular bug seems to be new to Chicago. In color he is a dirty brown. He is about two inches in length, with three pairs of legs. These bugs are numerously jointed and are armed at the extremities with two sharp claws. The two front pinchers, or grippers, are especially strong and keen, and they fasten into any soft object with a most tenacious grasp. If this object happens to be some person's skin, the consequences are often exceedingly unpleasant, for the insect has a venomous sting and seldom fails to raise a blister. He is about twice the size of a June bug, but ten times more wicked. So far the bug has been encountered only at night. Bright lights attract him, though he favors those which are high above the earth. A woman who is leaning from an upper story window of a lighted room invariably catches his eye, and then she catches it. If he persists in his depredations, the city council will soon be offering a bounty for his extermination.—Chicago Chronicle.

Enlightening Her.

She—Before we were married you used to think the world of me, but now you do not care for me at all.

He—But you should remember that we are one now, and self love, you know, is distinctively bad form.—Boston Transcript.

BALLADE OF DREAMS TRANSPOSED.

Some may like to be shut in a cage
Cooped in a corner a-tippling tea,
Some may in troublesome toil engage
But the luck of a rover's the thing for me!
Over the mountain and over the sea
Now in the country and now in the town,
And when I'm wrinkled and withered, maybe
Then I'll marry and settle down.

Some may pore over a printed page
And never know bird nor beast nor tree,
Watching the world from book or stage,
But the luck of a rover's the thing for me!
So, ho for the forest, and ho for the lea
And ho for the river and prairie brown,
And ho for a gay, long jubilee!
Then I'll marry and settle down.

Why should I wait till gray old age
Brings me the chance to be rich and free?
I have no money. It makes me rage,
But the luck of a rover's the thing for me!
Though oft, with my lover upon my knee,
She has frolicsome eyes and a fetching gown!
I fear if my heart's to be held in fee,
Then I'll marry and settle down.

ENVOY.

Prince, my sweetheart, will not agree,
But the luck of a rover's the thing for me!
She says I must stay, and I fear her frown;
Then I'll marry and settle down.

—Lark.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Miss Julia A. Irvine, for one year the acting president of Wellesley college, has been made president.

The Duke of Norfolk, who has been made postmaster general, is the premier duke and earl of England.

Dan Emmett, the old minstrel and author of "Dixie," is still living at Mount Vernon, O., and is over 80 years of age.

Prince Bismarck is partly of Slav origin. His ancestor emigrated to Russia in the eighteenth century and eventually became governor of Livonia.

The Russian scientific expedition to Abyssinia has been abandoned as the result of the death of Dr. Yelisseyeff, the only practical scientific man connected with it.

General A. W. Greely takes little part in the social life of Washington, spending most of his leisure time on a new book about his explorations that he is writing.

Clara Starring, who has just been graduated from the West Roxbury (Mass.) high school has made a remarkable record, having been neither absent nor tardy in her entire school life.

The recent disturbances at Jiddah, the port of Mecca, are said to have been connected with a plot in Constantinople to dethrone Sultan Hamid and replace him with his cousin Murad, the son of Abdul Aziz.

Uncle Bill Hess of Elk Garden, Va., was 109 years old on June 26 last. He has 32 children, 175 grandchildren and 90 great-grandchildren. Elk Garden has two other aged residents, Mrs. Sarah Shelton, who is 103 years old, and Mrs. Dorton, who is 101.

Frederick L. Ostermayer, who died recently in Boston at the age of 81 years, had long been in demand as an officiating officer at the final rites over the remains of German Odd Fellows. He is said to have presided in this manner at more than 1,000 funerals.

Lord Houghton, lord lieutenant of Ireland, makes fun of the notion that Ireland is a risky place to visit, and says he would far sooner tramp at midnight along the roads round Corofin or Castleisland than upon those within a few miles of his own English home.

Captain John M. Brooke, a professor at the Virginia Military institute, is one of the few survivors of the Monitor-Merrimac fight. He served on the Confederate man-of-war and has an additional claim to be remembered as the inventor of the deep sea sounding apparatus.

Phineas Moses, a Cincinnati merchant who died at the age of 97, was the son of an English Hebrew who also lived to be as old. Phineas Moses used to boast that in his youth he saw Napoleon a prisoner on a British frigate, the boy having rowed out in a boat to her side to see the fallen emperor.

J. Sterling Morton is the most approachable member of the Cleveland cabinet, just as his predecessor in the agricultural department was the most approachable of Harrison's secretaries. Morton likes to talk and is also a good listener, caring little with whom he carries on a conversation.

Letters by Bicycle.

A young man named Bennett has put his bicycle to profitable use in the Australian goldfields by establishing with it a postal route between Coolgardie, the center of the mining district, and Dundos, which is 280 miles away. Strapped on the wheel is a small letter box in which he carries letters between the two towns for a shilling apiece and telegrams for 5 shillings, making one round trip a week. A revolver, a sharp knife and a water bottle comprise the rest of his outfit.

A Sixty Miles an Hour Ship.

A Welshman proposes to build a ship that will have a speed of 60 miles an hour. The boat will be 550 feet long and 50 feet wide, with a flat bottom and wedge shaped bow and stern, of 10,000 tons displacement, and with eight paddlewheels on each side, each making 17 revolutions a minute.

Remember

That good health, strong nerves, physical vigor, happiness and usefulness depend upon pure, rich, healthy blood. Remember that the blood can be made pure, rich and healthy, by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. $1; 6 for $5.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness, headache. 25c.

Evaporated Raspberries.

Western New York leads the world in the production of dried raspberries. According to figures furnished by Professor Bailey of the Cornell station, in a bulletin just issued, something like 1,500 tons of that evaporated fruit are marketed each year. Most of this product is consumed west and northwest of Chicago. Probably four-fifths of the product is used in lumber and mining camps and on the plains, where fresh fruit is scarce.

Raspberries are dried to an important extent in southern Illinois and in Michigan, and lately also in Arkansas. These dried raspberries have as much merit in cookery as the fresh berries, and they are used in the same manner in sauces and pies.

A Left Handed One.

"Do you understand French, Jack?" asked an Alleghany young man of his chum.

"A little."

"Then perhaps you can help me. Miss Northside told me last night that I was non persona grata, and I would like to know what sort of a compliment she meant to bestow upon me."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

HIGH, LOW JACK.

Fine ice means very cold weather, then comes a bigh old time in skating rinks, and skating ponds, on slides and rides and we go home tired and overheated. It's the same old story of cooling off; off with wraps and on with all sorts of aches and pains, rheumatic, neuralgic, sciatic, lumbagic, including frost-bites, backache, even toothache. They who dance must pay the piper. We cut up Jack and are brought low by our own folly. What of it, the dance will go on, all the same. It is generally known that St. Jacobs Oil will cure all such aches and pains separately or collectively, and the cry is on with the dance.

Another peaceful Indian has been discovered in Montana. He has been petrified over 1,000 years.

The statesmen of both parties are in perfect accord on one thing. They all want to be President next time.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME

by careful investments by mail through a responsible firm of large experience and great success. Will send you particulars free showing how a small amount of money can be easily multiplied by successful investments in grain. Highest Bank references. Opportunities excellent. Pattison & Co., Bankers and Brokers, Room P., Omaha Building, Chicago.

The man carried away by enthusiasm is frequently brought back by disgust.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Whenever you hear a fellow begin the conversation by saying, "There is no use talking," prepare yourself for a flood.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. TOWNSEND, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, 1894.

Language fails to paint a woman as the eyes of a lover see her. Pearl rouge is more apt to hit the charmer.

A SINGULAR FORM OF MONOMANIA.

There is a class of people, rational enough in other respects, who are certainly monomaniacs in dosing themselves. They are constantly trying experiments upon their stomachs, their bowels, their livers and their kidneys with trashy nostrums. When these organs are really out of order, if they would only use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters they would, if not hopelessly insane, perceive its superiority.

When a tramp insolently demands a meal of a Texas woman she shoves a pistol against his bread-basket, and proposes to give it to him by the barrel

SOMETHING IS CERTAIN PAIN-KILLER KILLS PAIN

PAIN-KILLER

THE GREAT

Family Medicine of the Age.

Taken Internally, It Cures

Diarrhœa, Cramp, and Pain in the Stomach, Sore Throat, Sudden Colds, Coughs, &c., &c.

Used Externally, It Cures

Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Frosted Feet.

No article ever attained to such unbounded popularity.—*Salem Observer.*

An article of great merit and virtue.—*Cinn. Nonpareil.*

We can bear testimony to the efficacy of the Pain-Killer. We have seen its magic effects in soothing the severest pain, and know it to be a good article.—*Cincinnati Dispatch.*

A speedy cure for pain—no family should be without it.—*Montreal Transcript.*

Nothing has yet surpassed the Pain-Killer, which is the most valuable family medicine now in use.—*Tenn. Organ.*

It has real merit; as a means of removing pain, no medicine has acquired a reputation equal to Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.—*Newport (Ky.) Daily News.*

It is really a valuable medicine—it is used by many Physicians.—*Boston Traveller.*

Beware of imitations, buy only the genuine made by "PERRY DAVIS." Sold everywhere, large bottles, 25 and 50c.

YOUR WIFE CAN RUN IT.
HERCULES GAS OR GASOLINE ENGINE
Best Power for Irrigating Purpose.
Palmer & Rey, S. F., Cal. & Portland, Or.

THE BEST IN AMERICA

W. G. WOODS & Co's.
"CASTLEWOOD" KENTUCKY BOURBON
CARTAN, MCCARTHY & CO.
SOLE AGENTS, AND DISTRIBUTORS
SAN FRANCISCO

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

Stop Naturally! You Don't Have to Swear off!

NO-TO-BAC

91

makes the nerves strong, and brings back the feelings of youth to the prematurely old man. It restores lost vigor. You may gain ten pounds in ten days.

GUARANTEED TOBACCO HABIT CURE.

Go buy and try a box to-day. It costs only $1. Your own druggist will guarantee a cure or money refunded. Booklet, written guarantee of cure and sample free. Address nearest office.

CHICAGO. THE STERLING REMEDY CO., MONTREAL, CAN. NEW YORK.

CASCARETS candy cathartic cure constipation. Purely vegetable, smooth and easy, sold by druggists everywhere, guaranteed to cure. Only 10c.

"HE THAT WORKS EASILY, WORKS SUCCESSFULLY." CLEAN HOUSE WITH

SAPOLIO

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH, RED CROSS PENNYROYAL PILLS DIAMOND BRAND

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse Substitutions and Imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Sold by all Local Druggists.

CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2519 Madison Sq., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

Allcock's Porous Plaster

BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

SURE CURE FOR PILES.

Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted

Sold by druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. J. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

F. M. Peter, leading costumer, theatrical, masquerade costumes, wigs and play-books. Country masquerade balls a specialty. 729 Market St., S. F.

Try Germea for Breakfast.

The "S.H&M." BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDINGS

Guarantee skirt edges from wearing out. Don't take any binding unless you see "S. H. & M." on the label no matter what anybody tells you.

If your dealer will not supply you, we will.

Send for samples, showing labels and materials, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.

SURE CURE FOR PILES

Itching and Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles yield at once to DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY. Stops Itching, absorbs tumors. A positive cure. Circulars sent free. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. DR. BOSANKO, Phila., Pa.

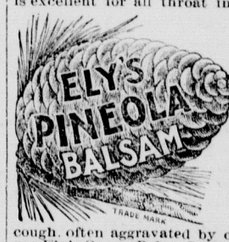
TREE WASH.

"GREENBANK" powdered 98 degree Caustic Soda and pure 100 per cent. Caustic Potash. Always reliable. T. W. JACKSON & CO.
226 Market St., S. F., Cal., Sole Agents
Sulphur, Whale Oil, Paris Green, Copperas, etc

S. F. N. U. No. 704. New Series No. 51

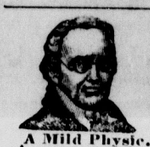
PINEOLA COUGH BALSAM

is excellent for all throat inflammations and for



asthma. Consumptives will invariably derive benefit from its use, as it quickly abates the cough, renders expectoration easy, assisting nature in restoring wasted tissues. There is a large percentage of those who suppose their cases to be consumption who are only suffering from a chronic cold or deep seated cough, often aggravated by catarrh. For catarrh use Ely's Cream Balm. Both remedies are pleasant to use. Cream Balm, 50c. per bottle; Pineola Balsam, 25c at Druggists. In quantities of $2 50 will deliver on receipt of amount.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.



DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS

A Mild Physic. One Pill for a Dose. A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. These pills supply what the system lacks to make it regular. They cure Headache, brighten the Eyes, and clear the Complexion better than cosmetics. They neither gripe nor sicken. To convince you, we will mail sample free, or full box for 25c. Sold everywhere. DR. BOSANKO MED. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Painless Dentistry.

"COLTON GAS," which has an established and unrivalled world-wide reputation for its purity and efficacy in the positively painless extraction of teeth, still maintains its superiority as the special anæsthetic of the dental profession. The safest of all anæsthetics; over 50,000 references; endorsed by all reputable physicians and dentists. We also perform all operations in dentistry with latest appliances, increased facilities and modern methods. Office—Rooms 6-8-10 Phelan Building, 806 Market St., San Francisco.

Colton Dental Association.

Rowell's Fire of Life!

An unfailing Cure for RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO AND ACUTE NERVOUS DISEASES.

For sale by all Druggists. $1 per Bottle.

Burnett & Co., 327 Montgomery St., S. F., Cal.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
For sale by all Druggists, 25 cents a bottle.

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW

The only Engine made that will run with common Lamp Oil.

It is not affected by insurance rules as is the case with other Engines.

Ajax Engine.

Kerosene or Coal Oil Gas Engines.

Also Hercules Gas and Gasoline Engines.

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PALMER & REY TYPE FOUNDRY,

405-407 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year, in advance.....$2 00
Six Months, " 1 25
Three Months, " 65

Advertising rates furnished on application.

OFFICE—Postoffice Building, Cor. Grand and Linden Avenues,
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1895.

What stands in the way to hinder a majority of honest citizens from securing good government? Nothing other than an active unscrupulous minority, who succeed because the majority permits. The evil is not so much with those who stand in the way as with those who keep out of the way; it is to be found in the indifference of the majority of the respectable element, who regard practical politics as degrading; who seem to think themselevs too good to do anything except to growl and find fault; who are invariably conspicuous by reason of their absence from the caucus, the primary election, the convention and, in many cases, from the polls, on election day, and by their attitude and non-action allow a few sharp rascals to fix things their own way.

The participation of this eminently respectable class in politics is usually limited to reading essays on governmental reform, and proposing remedies in the way of new charters, improved systems and matters of form and procedure, blind to the fact that the fault is not in the charter or form of government, but in the people, in themselves, in the failure of the citizen to perform the duty he owes as a consequence of citizenship, a refusal to bear his share of civic burdens and perform his part of political work.

When this class becomes aroused to action, their efforts are usually short-lived and, for the most part, misdirected. Seized with a sudden excess of virtuous indignation, they organize the independent reform association, revel the air with the clamor of their bugles, and rattle their war drums in a brief campaign of political salvation, which being but a temporary spasm, like the fitful flash of an intermittent fever, burns itself out in the momentary excitement, whereupon, these moral, respectable, good citizens subside, retire, and the sharp rascals are soon reseated in their old places. There is but one sure cure for the evils which afflict the body politic, and the cure will be found when all good citizens take to the business of governing themselves with the same earnestness, zeal and uniformly increasing persistency they manifest in the pursuit of the ordinary avocations and affairs of everyday life.

If one wants work well done he must do it himself. Good men should do the governing or quit growling. It is a case of "put up or shut up."

The good roads question is beginning to attract the attention it deserves. Heretofore, public interest in all parts of the country has been devoted almost exclusively to railroads. The time, energy and money of the people have been given freey to multiply and extend these enterprises, and to build up these private properties, whilst the public roads, the common property of the people, have been sadly neglected.

While it is true that the iron highway is a necessity, good wagon roads are equally essential in the economy of transportation.

The mode of procedure pursued in this State can never produce good wagon roads. The application of money, science and skill combined is required, and is as necessary in the building of a wagon road as in the construction of a railroad.

This subject being one of general interest to the people, and especially to producers, should command special attention and we shall have more to say in relation thereto in the near future.

The money required to place our Fire Department upon an efficient footing should be provided without further delay. The first day of the new year should find the Citizens' Mutual Protective Association with funds in hand sufficient to purchase the much-needed fire alarm bell and a hose cart and hose for another hose company.

The payment of the small sum of 35 cents upon each $100 of the assessed valuation on improved real estate in the town, will provide funds sufficient for the purpose. This is what the association has asked of property owners and the request should be complied with promptly. Every resident property owner who has not paid in his quota to this fund, should do so out of self interest, and as an example and inducement to non-residents to join in this meritorious public enterprise. The costly lesson of a disastrous fire should not be awaited to spur our citizens and property holders into action. In this case the proverbial ounce of prevention is worth very much more than the pound of cure.

POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

No public question has attracted wider attention, aroused the public interest, or provoked a more general discussion than that of the municipal government and the political corruption common to our large cities.

All sorts of remedies have been devised, proposed and, in some instances adopted, without any permanent resulting improvement.

The honest, decent, respectable citizens who want public business conducted honestly and economically, are largely in the majority in every part of our land, in the cities, as well as in the country.

The pound law is still in force. Whilst the majority of our citizens are doing everything they can to comply with the law and to aid in protecting the trees, yet there are a few who, through carelessness, either let their stock run loose or fail to tie them securely. Mr. Howe is sincere in his desire to give the people every opportunity to graze their stock either by herding or staking them out, but he is also equally determined that the trees shall be protected and that owners of stock running at large shall pay the penalty.

The copy of the "California Blue Book or State Roster," received last week, shows evidence of great care in preparation and compilations. It contains a list of all the officers and employes of the Federal and State governments of the city and county of San Francisco, and of the various counties, besides much valuable statistical matter. The illustrations showing State buildings are finely executed. The work is most creditable to the State and to that efficient and popular official, Hon. L. H. Brown, Secretary of State.

If this Congress will recognize the belligerent rights of the struggling Cuban patriots, provide for the early construction and government control of the Nicaraguan canal, and give England and the governments of Europe to understand in clear and unmistakable language, that the Monroe doctrine will be firmly maintained, we will have inaugurated an American policy worthy of the "Great Republic," and one which will entitle us to wear that proud title with honor.

The inspection of milk instituted and so vigorously prosecuted by Inspector Dockery of the city of San Francisco, has been closely followed by the inauguration of meat inspection by the United States Government at all the meat packing establishments on the Pacific Coast. These safeguards to prevent the shipment sale and use of adulterated, impure or unsound food products, will meet with general approval, and will be welcomed by none more heartily than by honest producers and dealers.

FIREMAN'S BALL.

We would suggest to the Citizens' Mutual Protective Association that a fireman's ball, to be given under the auspices of the association about the holiday season, would be a success financially, and would add to the enjoyment of those merry days of pleasure by our citizens. Such an affair, properly managed, would receive the support of everyone, and add a snug sum to the funds needed by the association.

Considerable comment has recently been made by the press on the subject of the early completion of the Bay Shore Railroad. Recent developments indicate an early movement towards the completion of this line. In fact, it has been openly asserted by several Southern Pacific officials high in authority that immediately after the new year the work of construction would begin. This will mean a new era in the history of our town.

The plan of the citizens planting and caring for a certain number of trees each is certainly a good one; and, if carried out, will insure a splendid windbreak on Spruce avenue in a very few years. Every one should join in this right away.

Actual construction of the great ferry depot at the foot of Market street, San Francicso, will begin early in the new year.

The Republican National Convention will be held in St. Louis.

MONTGOMERY BAGGS

Insurance Agent

Accredited Insurance Agent for the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co., on all their buildings and plant at South San Francisco.

Special facilities for placing large lines on all classes of insurable property. Property specially rated. Correspondence solicited.

OFFICE:
132 California St., San Francisco.

ARMOUR HOTEL

Table and Accommodations
The Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the Hotel.

HENRY MICHENFELDER, : Proprietor.

BADEN HOTEL

Board by the day or week at reasonable rates.

Table Board a Specialty.

P. J. LYND,
PROPRIETOR.

THE . COURT.

CHOICEST

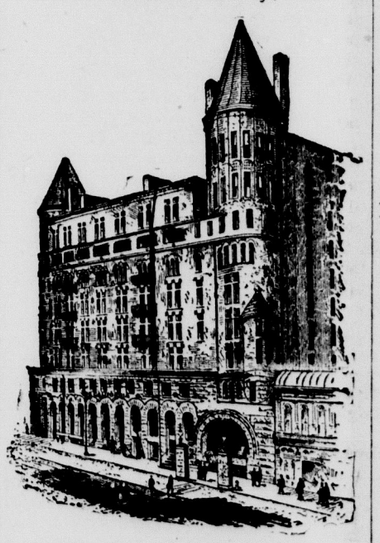
Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

THOS. BENNERS, Prop.

Grand Avenue, Next to P. O.

THE CALIFORNIA

Bush St., near Kearny, S. F.



THE CALIFORNIA HOTEL

is unsurpassed in the magnificence of its appointments and style of service by any hotel in the United States.

Strictly First-Class

European Plan

Reasonable Rates

Centrally located, near all the principal places of amusement.

THE CALIFORNIA'S TABLE D'HOTE.

Dinner from 5 to 8 p. m..... $1.00
Lunch from 11:30 a. m. to 2 p. m..... 75 cts.

THE BEST CUISINE IN THE METROPOLIS.

A. F. KINZLER, Manager.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

...REAL ESTATE...

—AND—

INSURANCE

.....LOCAL AGENT.....

—FOR THE—

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROV'T CO.

.....AGENT.....

HAMBURG-BREMEN AND PHŒNIX of Hartford, Connecticut,

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

AGENT EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

House Broker.

---NOTARY PUBLIC.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner . Grand . and . Linden . Avenues,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOCAL NEWS.

Christmas is coming.

Patronize your home paper.

Trade with your home merchants.

Henry Kneese has broken his goat to harness.

The city hunters were out in force last Sunday.

A few more names wanted for that night school.

George Kneese has the boss rat dog of the town.

San Bruno mountain is again "wearing of the green."

The "Enterprise" office is in the Postoffice building.

Mr. M. Klotz will plant trees around his home.

Invitations are out for the Daniels-Daggett wedding.

John Wisnom, of San Mateo, was in town on Saturday last.

Ornament your grounds and line the streets with beautiful trees.

Mr. E. Pratt was over to the ranch this week and got some trees.

Mrs. Husted is making quite a success of the old Central Hotel.

Senator Healey will plant trees in front of his home on Linden avenue.

P. J. Husted, who was quite ill last week is, we are pleased to note, able to be around again.

Frank Delsnyder, formerly of this place, is now sick at his brother's home at Marcus, Iowa.

Dr. H. W. Felton reports business distressingly quiet. Our town is one of the healthiest in the State.

Mrs. Bridget Flynn has rented and moved into the Kate McGrath cottage on San Bruno avenue.

A reading-room would make a good Christmas gift for our young folks to present themselves with.

Mr. A. McLennan has rented and will occupy the cottage on Grand avenue belonging to Mr. W. J. Martin.

Everybody will have a chance to shoot for Christmas turkeys at the San Bruno House on the 22d of this month.

Mr. Henry Miller, the cattle king, who was very seriously injured by being thrown from his horse last week, is improving.

Our old pioneer, "Tip" Sinclair, was gate-keeper at the recent horse show. "Tip," as usual, filled his position completely.

A suitable and sensible Christmas present to send to your Eastern friends as a holiday gift is a year's subscription to your home paper.

Mr. Goggin is putting his grounds at his residence, on Grand avenue, into fine condition, and will have one of the nicest gardens in town.

H. L. Kofoed visited the ranch in quest of trees yesterday. He will plant a row of cypress along the west side of his lot on Miller avenue.

Mr. Pat Ferriter, the popular proprietor of the Grand Hotel, will plant quite a number of trees on the west side of his lot on Cypress avenue.

A runaway team crashed into Peter Kelley's Daily "Call" rig on Saturday last, near Colma, making a complete wreck of Peter's newspaper route cart.

Mr. W. T. Neff's scheme of herding stock is quite a success. Our worthy pound-keeper reports his available resources as being very much curtailed of late.

The succulent and toothsome mushroom is in abundant evidence again. The boys who have been out since the late rains come in with well filled baskets.

Messrs. Dennett and Scarritt, two popular elements of the Western Meat Company, entertained last Wednesday at lunch a few of their friends. They do this often.

Four young duck hunters were arrested last Sunday upon the charge of stealing a water spaniel dog, the property of P. J. Cody of the Sierra Point House.

Engineer Greenebaum is superintending the construction of the new smoke houses of the Western Meat Company at their City Market, Sixth and Townsend streets.

Mr. Frank Miner had the misfortune to break one of the large steel jaws of the rock crusher last Saturday. The mishap will cost Mr. Miner considerably over a hundred dollars.

Mr. Joseph Gibson says he will plant trees, but he wants to be sure the pound law will be enforced. This is the sentiment of almost every citizen in South San Francisco.

Mr. J. P. Newman's father and mother, from New York, and his sister, from Merced, in this State, arrived by the Monday morning train upon a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Newman.

Frank Sanchez, the pioneer butcher, will supply you with anything you may need in the way of choice meats at his market on Miller avenue, or from his wagons, which call every day.

Mrs. C. F. Crouse and daughter, Hazel, returned from a summer's sojourn in New York city, last week. Mrs. Crouse is planning to build a home on her lot, corner Maple and Baden avenues.

E. I. Watkins, of Granbury, Texas, arrived in town on the Monday evening train. Mr. Watkins is a nephew of fellow townsman G. E. Daniel, and may conclude to become a permanent resident of our town.

Mr. A. T. Bartlett, a harness-maker, residing in San Mateo, committed suicide last Wednesday by shooting himself with a revolver. Mr. Bartlett was the father-in-law of Mrs. George Bartlett, a sister of Mrs. C. L. Herbst.

Gus Jenevein gets a brace of mallards every morning he chooses to go out with his trusty duck gun. Gus must have a mallard preserve somewhere back of San Bruno as he does not chase about over miles of marsh to get his birds.

If you want to see what can be done with small cypress trees in a very short time, see the trees on Charley Johnson's place on Baden avenue. His trees are only two years old and are many of them ten feet high. A little care is the secret.

Mr. Herbert B. Maggs has kindly consented to give a magic lantern exhibition on the evening of the Christmas tree entertainment, at Grace Mission, December 28, 1895. Mr. Maggs has some very fine views and his performance will add very much to the children's entertainment.

The new residence of Joseph Gibson, on Armour avenue, is receiving the finishing touches from the painters. The building is 25x36 feet, containing six rooms exclusive of the basement, and will add another substantial improvement to the northern residence section of our town.

There was an accident on Wednesday evening at a place called "The College," between Colma and Ocean View, on Mission road. Two strangers were driving, and it being foggy and dark, they got too near the embankment on the road at this place, and the vehicle went over. The horse ran some distance dragging the men and vehicle. One of the men was seriously injured and was taken to Ocean View for treatment.

On Saturday evening, December 28, 1895, Holy Innocents' Day, Grace Mission will give its Sunday-school scholars a Christmas tree. Rev. George Wallace has appointed Miss May Barnum and Miss Lena Kneese a committee on subsciptions. We are glad to learn that many of the patrons of the Mission are subscribing very liberally. We trust all will subscribe generously and thus give to the forty or more Sunday-school children a splendid tree heavily laden with presents.

Mr. W. J. Martin has long desired to see a row of trees planted on some of the cross streets of the town, particularly on Spruce avenue, just on the brow of the hill overlooking the town. "I own no property on this street," said M. Martin, yesterday, in the Postoffice, "but think it would be a great shelter to have a bank of trees on that cross street. If I can get others to join me, I will agree to select a portion of the street and plant twenty trees, and will fence them up and care for them." Rev. George Wallace, who was present, immediately offered to take a portion of this street, plant twenty trees and care for them. August Klengel has volunteered to plant and care for ten trees on this street; and Charley Johnson will do the same thing. The "Enterprise" wants to join this list and offers to plant and care for twenty trees in the same way. None of the foregoing parties own any property on this street. We want more volunteers immediately of this kind. Leave your name with the "Enterprise" this week if you wish to aid in this matter. It will be highly gratifying to see a large volunteer list of names promptly enrolled. If you can only care for one tree, don't fail to send in your name.

The Sierra Nevadas.

Dr. Turner, who has made the geology of the Sierra Nevada a long time study, has published a monograph in which he asserts, with plausible reasoning, that the many kinds of rock characterizing that formation have been formed in part by deposition beneath the sea, and in part by intrusion as igneous masses, also by eruption from volcanoes, and portions of them have been subsequently metamorphosed. While the southern portion of the range is composed of granite, he finds that the central and northern part, west of longitude 120 degrees, consists prevailingly of schists, these having been produced by intense metamorphism of both ancient sediments and igneous rocks, and it is in these schists, chiefly though not solely, that the auriferous quartz veins occur.

Further, the trend of the bonds of altered sediments and of their schistose structure is generally from northwest to southeast, parallel to the trend of the range, but great masses of granite and other igneous rocks have been intruded among the schists, forming irregular bodies, which interrupt the regular structure and which are generally bordered each by a zone of greater metamorphism. These schists, with their associated igneous masses, form the older of the two great groups of rocks recognized in the Sierra Nevada.

Evidence Against Him.

"Why didn't you have me called at 6 o'clock?" roared a commercial traveler in one of our city hotels, as he faced the clerk and banged his fist down on the register.

"I did," calmly replied the clerk.

"You did not, sir."

"I tell you I did."

"You did not, sir, and I can prove it."

"All right, go ahead; but you can't prove it."

"Yes, I can."

"Prove it, then."

"Well, you did not have me called at 6 o'clock, because I did not leave word to be called at all," and the commercial man grinned and looked for the clerk to blush and apologize.

But he looked in vain. A little thing like that wouldn't bother a hotel clerk. —Bangor News.

She Knew Him.

"He will turn the tables on you if you are not careful," said one woman to another, who was berating her husband.

"Turn nothing!" she exclaimed. "He's so lazy he wouldn't turn a table if it was on rollers."—Detroit Free Press.

PRESS NOTES.

COST OF HAULING.

We get many interesting facts from the department of agriculture, some of which are startling in their magnitude. The latest report contains statistics which prove that the cost of hauling the products of the country over the common roads is as great every year as the entire national debt, and twice as great as the total revenues of the government. Returns from 1200 counties show that the average haul from farms to markets or shipping points is twelve miles, that the average load for two horses is 2,000 pounds, and the average cost of hauling 25 cents per ton per mile. On the basis of these figures it is estimated that the people pay for this kind of transportation no less than $946,414,665 a year—over $13 for every man, woman and child in this country and $65 for every family. How much of this would be saved if the roads were good the department will inform us later on with more exactness. Present information, however, indicates that about two-thirds of the present outlay is wasted.

The government in this way calling attention to the importance of good roads, has preached a sermon of great value to the people, and it is earnestly hoped that it will set them to work devising ways and means to stop this great leak. The amount annually lost through bad roads is equal to the total supply of gold in this country. We raise money enough every year to go a long ways towards making good roads, but no one can see where the money goes, except the small percentage that is expended on the roads.—Petaluma Argus.

"Let me give you a pointer on the road question," said a prominent citizen the other day who takes a lively interest in all public affairs. "I have just driven over the road between Santa Rosa and Sebastopol, and I want to commend Supervisor Hall for exerting himself to make a good road between these two towns. He has succeeded in making a good start, but his work is being undone at a rapid rate. It must be apparent to everyone who travels that road that it is being rapidly worn out, destroyed, by the use of narrow tire wagons. It is useless to spend money to make roads good until arrangements are effected to keep narrow tire freight wagons off of them. The first step in permanent road improvement must be to provide for the exclusive use on them of wide tire wagons."

This enterprising citizen is right. He states what every observing man sees and should admit and declare. Narrow tire freight wagons should be taxed out of existence or got rid of some other way. They are themselves a great and enormous tax on the property of the county. Until they are driven out there can be no permanent good roads.—Santa Rosa Republican.

THE GARROTER ARRESTED.

Gonzales, the San Mateo Thief, in Jail.

Pablo Gonzales, who robbed Russell Rand, foreman of the San Mateo Dairy of $20 last Tuesday was arrested in a low resort at Gilroy by Under Sheriff Mansfield yesterday morning at 10 o'clock. Gonzales made no resistance when arrested by the officer. He was brought to the county jail late last evening, and when visited by the press representatives he was sullen and would answer no questions concerning the burglary.

Gonzales, who is rather a good-looking fellow, was raised near Mountain View. He is known by several aliases and is said to be a hard character, having served a term at San Quentin for burglary. As the evidence is very strong against the prisoner it is quite likely that he will spend some portion of his future years at his former home. When searched at the jail he had $7 of the stolen money in his possession.—Redwood City Times-Gazette.

Anything in the way of enterprise is admirable. And with that word at the head of the paper and such good management as it evidently has, the "Enterprise" of Baden, San Mateo county, should be a success.—Palo Alto Times.

A Hard Day's Work.

"I almost feel tired," said the new woman as she laid her beaver aside and gave orders for the proper stabling of her bicycle.

"I thought you men never got tired," groaned her husband.

"Rarely," replied the new woman, "but today I made the speech that killed the bill for the emancipation of husbands, and raised the roof of the capitol with a piece of my mind, and if that ain't enough to tire a body I'd like to know what is!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Isom Sloans of Kentucky.

There is an awful warning to those parents who continue to name children after their relatives. Up in Knott county, on Caney creek, the practice has been carried to an excess, and the result is that the Sloan family numbers among its members the following: Big Isom Sloan, Hard's Isom, Son's Isom, Isom's Isom, Jailer Isom, Sorrel Head Isom, Jim's Isom, Little Isom, Andy's Isom, Summ's Isom, Jimbo's Isom, Big Isom's Isom and Sorrel Head Isom's Isom.

Better Than a Finger String.

Perhaps the most startling suggestion for a "reminder" was that of the little boy whose grandmother had forgotten his Christmas present the year before. She wished to know what thing she should do in order that she should not forget it again. "You might put your teeth in upside down," said the boy.—Youth's Companion.

HEROIC ACT OF A SOCIETY GIRL.

Braves the Shame of a Patrol Wagon Ride to Please a Little Boy.

She was not only herself a member of that society which considers itself entitled to a capital letter, but her family had been members thereof in good and regular standing for at least three generations. She was shopping on State street one bright midsummer morning when a crowd at Washington street attracted her attention. Being curious, she investigated that crowd. She found in the center thereof a small boy sobbing bitterly under the guardianship of two big policemen. To her horror, she recognized in the small boy her cousin's little son.

The little fellow had slipped and broken or sprained his ankle. He knew where he lived, but he could not get there. The policemen had sent for the patrol wagon, the only vehicle at their command, for the little sufferer.

The child was in perfect agony at the prospect of being carried off in a patrol wagon by two policemen. The society girl interfered. She told the policemen this was her nephew. She told them where he lived. The address corresponded to that which the little fellow had himself given them.

"I'll get a cab and take him home," said the society girl, a reasonable suggestion enough, surely, but the policemen would not hear to that. They had sent for the patrol wagon, and some one must have a ride in it. It was not to be ordered out for nothing. They could not let the child go home in a cab. "We'll take him where you say he lives, lady, but he must go with us."

The patrol wagon came. The child was almost convulsed with terror. He implored the society girl not to let the policemen take him. The policemen were obdurate. Finally the society girl gave up. "Well," she said, "if he must go home in a patrol wagon, I'll go home in it too." So they lifted the small boy in, and the society girl climbed in after him, and the policemen mounted guard on each side.

And thus it happened the few society people who were by chance shopping on that midsummer morning instead of enjoying the country breezes of the summer cottages were horrified at seeing a daughter of one of their first families rolling swiftly by in a patrol wagon under the charge of two stalwart policemen. And others who were not society people wondered what "that nice, respectable looking girl" could have done that the police were taking her away. And they moralized on the deceptiveness of appearances.—Chicago Tribune.

Hard Fighters In Law.

"Clients love a hard fighter, and the onlookers are impressed with his zeal," says Richard D. Doyle in an article on "Law and Lawyers" in The Southern Magazine. "In my own experience I have had cases where I advised my clients not to sue because I was sure they had no chance, and although they followed my advice, instead of employing other counsel, they refused to pay a reasonable fee and in one case left me to pay the court costs. And I have seldom advised a client to compromise or submit to arbitration that I did not displease him. It requires moral courage to advise one against his inclinations, but it is sometimes a lawyer's sacred duty. Whatever may be said as to its morality or true wisdom, yet I must say I regard this aggressive and partisan spirit more conducive to modern success than profound judgment, for I have seen lawyers succeed chiefly by reason of it in whom the logical faculty was not at all conspicuous. In speaking of success, it will be observed that I do not mean the eminence of such men as Erskine, Wirt, Webster, William Pinckney, Rufus Choate and Charles O'Conor, but such success as is attained by the leading members of the bar in every town or city of the United States, who have a good practice, sometimes very lucrative, though they are unknown to fame and forgotten outside their neighborhood when they are gone."

Slept Twenty Years In a Coffin.

It is seldom that a man dies in a coffin, but that is exactly what old Barney Frickers of Alliance, O., did when he finally gave up the ghost in the fall of 1890. For more than 20 years old Barney had been haunted with the idea that he was on the verge of the grave. Every evening he declared that he would never again see the sun rise. He constantly brooded over his queer hallucination and never allowed himself to go to sleep without being carefully prepared for death and burial. Every night he robed himself in his grave clothes and solemnly laid down in his coffin and passed the night firmly believing and probably hoping that for him the day would never dawn again. Finally death came; but, grim and sly as he was, he did not find old Barney unprepared. The coffin in which this queer old character had so often awakened disappointed was of his own make and was said to have been a curiosity in itself, being literally covered with all kinds, patterns and sizes of allegorical carving.—St. Louis Republic.

The First Electric Organ.

The first electric organ in America was put into a church at Taunton, Mass., during the month of July, two years ago. The church which has the honor of first using the electric fluid for the purpose of driving its organ was the St. Thomas church of the city above mentioned, and the experiment was a brilliant success. In fact, about all the church organist has to do now at St. Thomas' is to press the button and the electricity does the rest. The organ is not nearly so massive as church organs usually are, the cumbersome keyboard being entirely dispensed with.

How She Caught Him.

Mr. Nointentions (carlessly)—Aw, how would you like to marry a man who had only $10 a week?

Miss Passe (eagerly)—Oh, George, this is so sudden, but I think we can worry along if pa lets us live here with him.—Brooklyn Eagle.

ELECTRIC .:. LAUNDRY .:. CO.,

215 VALENCIA STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

W. A. PETERSON, Driver.

CALLING DAYS: Tuesdays and Fridays.

Leave Orders at Postoffice, Baden, Cal.

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GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

CITY OF PARIS

A. POULAIN, Proprietor.

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GREEN VALLEY

MEAT MARKET.

G. E. DANIEL.

Wagon will call at your door with choicest of all kinds of fresh and smoked meats.

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954 Howard St.

San Francisco, : : : California.

We Solicit your Trade and Guarantee Satisfaction.

Will call at South San Francisco Sunday and Friday of each week.

MARKET REPORT.

The Fresh Meat market is steady. No particular change in prices during the week. Live stock, Provisions and Lard firm.

PROVISIONS—Hams, California, ℔ lb, 10¼@11c; Eastern, 12½@13c; A & C., 12½c; picnic, 7c.

Bacon—Prices are ℔ lb; Extra Light Sugar Cured Breakfast Bacon, boneless, 12c Heavy, do, 10¾c; Medium Bacon, clear, 6¼c; Light Medium, do, 7½c; Light do, 9½c; Extra Light do, 11c; Selected Clear Light Medium Bacon, 8c.

Beef—Extra Family, bbl, $10 00; do, hf-bbl, $5 50; Mess, bbl, $7 00; do, hf-bbl, $3 75; Extra Mess, bbl, $8 00; do hf-bbl $4 00; Smoked, ℔ lb, 11c.

Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 6½c, do, light, 7c; do, Bellies, 9c; Extra Clear bbls, $14 00; hf-bbls, $7 25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, $4 50; do, kits, $1 20.

Lard—Prices are ℔ lb:

	Tcs.	½-bbls.	50s.	20s.	10s.	5s.
Compound	5¾	6	6	6⅛	6¼	6⅝
Cal. pure	6¼	6½	6¼	6⅝	7	7⅛

In 3-lb tins the price on each is ⅛c higher than on 5-lb tins.

Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, $1 80; 1s $1 00; Roast Beef, 2s $1 80; 1s, $1 00; Lunch Beef, 2s, $1 90; 1s, $1 10.

Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are ℔ lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

Cattle—No. 1 Steers, ℔ lb, 5¾@6¼c; 2nd quality, 5c@5¼c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 4½@5c; second quality, 4@4¼c.

Hogs—Hard grain-fed, under 160-lbs weight, 3¼@3½c ℔ lb; over 160-lbs weight, 3@3¼c.

Sheep—Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, ℔ lb, 2¼@2½c; Ewes, dressing 50 lbs and under, 2@2¼c.

Lambs—First quality, ℔ lb, 2½@3c gross weight; second quality, 2@2¼c, gross weight.

Calves—Light, ℔ lb, 3¼@4c, gross weight; Heavy, 3@3¼c, gross weight.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:

Beef—First quality, lb, 5@5½c; second, 4½@4¾c; third, 3½@4c.

Veal—Large, 5@6c ℔ lb: small, 6@7c.

Mutton—4@5c ℔ lb; Spring Lamb, 5@6c.

The pastor of a church at Fillmore, Ventura county, has been invited to resign by his flock because he accepted alms from sports and saloon-keepers. Ground has been broken for a new academy building at Waitsburg, Wash. The work will be pushed as rapidly as the weather will permit during the winter.

It is reported that the output of logs from Stella, Cowlitz county, Wash., will be 7,000,000 feet this year, and that, owing to increased facilities for the works, these figures will be increased to about 12,000,000 feet next year.

The record of Maricopa county, A. T., shows that 85 per cent of the paupers of the county are Mexicans. With a Mexican population of only one-ninth, they constitute over three-quarters of the county indigent.

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Meat .:. Market

F. SANCHEZ, Proprietor.

WAGON WILL CALL AT YOUR DOOR with the best and choicest of all kinds of Fresh and Smoked Meats. Chickens on Saturdays.

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OF ALL KINDS.

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United States, Chicago,

Willows and

South San Francisco

BREWERIES

—AND—

THE UNION ICE CO.

Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.

A SUBJECT RACE.

They knew not whence the tyrant came;
They did not even know his name.
Yet he compelled them one and all
To bow in bondage to his thrall,
And from their lips allegiance wrung,
Although a stranger to their tongue.

Whilst he was wrapped in royal state
Their hours of toil were long and late.
No moment could they call their own
Within the precincts of the throne,
And when they dreamed their work was o'er
He only made them slave the more.

Although the conquering king was he
Of people who had once been free,
No word of praise or promise fell
From him his subjects served so well,
And none of those who crowned him lord
Received a shadow of reward.

Obedience to his behest
Destroyed their peace, disturbed their rest.
Yet when his drowsy eyes grew dim
No mortal dared to waken him.
They stole about with stealthy tread—
"The baby is asleep," they said.
—Ellen T. Fowler in Longman's Magazine.

THE MILK WHITE DOE

The sound was so faint that only the ears of the skilled huntsman might hear it.

It came from hundreds of tiny hoofs, muffled by the grass in the mountain park.

"Antelope!"

Together we lay face downward, I and my Indian guide, with our long rifles at easy rest, and awaited the coming of the band. It dashed over a hogsback and into full view, a wildly leaping, struggling, undulating mass of reddish brown, white tufted bodies stretched to the fullest speed.

Nervous? Yes, for in a moment more the band would pass us within easy range.

We lay with forefingers on the triggers as the timid animals, wild with fear, skimmed along as if wafted by the spirit of the wind. Now they are directly opposite. We will never have such another shot.

Onward they dash and pass so closely by that it seems we can hear their heartbeats. Their great, liquid eyes are wild with terror.

Another moment and the herd has swept by us; only the hindmost are in view. Now they are out of hearing and presently are lost to sight.

Absolute silence, save for the rustle of the brown grass as the cooling autumn wind stirs it.

Not a shot was fired. My finger was upon the trigger, my arm certain, but I lacked the power even for the gentle pressure necessary to send a bullet straight into the herd. I was under a spell.

I looked at Pablo. His dark face seemed almost pale; his eyes betrayed excitement, not the excitement of anger or fear, but of a tender sympathy.

The same power that had staid my finger when it would have pressed the trigger had a like effect upon him.

"Senor," he said, "it is the milk white doe that none may slay."

It was overpowering curiosity that had rendered my forefinger inflexible, for at the head of the band was the most beautiful animal I had ever seen—a milk white doe. She seemed fleeter, more timid and of more graceful contour than any of the herd. She was the perfection of animal grace and beauty. I fancied I heard a soft, sad moan as she passed before the muzzle of my rifle. I was lost briefly in pathetic contemplation, and the herd was gone.

"Come, Pablo, it is almost dusk, but we must follow. Come, stir yourself, you unenthusiastic son of Montezuma, and let us be gone."

"Senor," said Pablo, in his calm and imperturbable manner, yet with a solemn impressiveness, "it is death to all who follow the milk white doe."

"Nonsense; I must have her. Let us follow quick."

"Have patience, senor, and tonight when we smoke by the campfire I will tell you the legend of the milk white doe."

And this is the legend he told me:

Before the white man knew there was a western continent, before the Spaniards came, even before the reign of the ancient Quetzalcoatl, lord of the Seven Caves of Navatlaques and king of the Seven Nations, out of which arose the splendor of the Montezuman empire, the powerful tribes lived in the north. They were as the sands of the shore washed by the great ocean of the rising sun, and the numbers of their arrows were greater than the twigs in the forest.

Their queen was Maxtella.

Her skin was as white as the snow on yonder mountain peak, her lips were as scarlet as the flaming loco blossom, her eyes were as blue as the chalchuites in the Minas de las Perdidas, and from their liquid depths beamed truth and purity of soul.

She was a virgin queen. Her courtiers wooed her in vain. The richest of them all laid his wealth of chalchuites and beautiful shells at her feet. The mightiest hunter brought her trophies of the chase. To all she spoke words of wisdom and beauty, but her love was for no one man; it was for all her people. Her virtue and her beauty were the marvels of those days.

Her counselors were wise beyond their generation. Many things they knew that were unknown to the subjects of Queen Maxtella. They knew of the eastern ocean, of a great country beyond to which their ancestors had gone years before.

The northern hordes were at peace. So powerful were they that the tribes in the south did not dare to make war with them, nor would the queen suffer her subjects to make war upon those weaker hordes who dwelt in rocks and caves, high up in the cliffs that bordered on the green canyons. There was a vassal chief, Azul, of lowly birth and evil ways. He saw the beautiful Maxtella, and the sight of her touched his black heart. He loved Maxtella not for her virtue nor her wisdom. He loved her that he might rule the land, and that from his blood and hers might come a race of savage kings, and that the northern hordes might make war upon the tribes of the south and despoil them of their treasure.

Azul knew the black magic art. He brought his richest treasure to Maxtella's court. He used his black art that he might appear pleasing in her sight. His arms and throat were bare. On his head was a snowy white helmet, and his dress was of green feathers. His breastplate of feather work gleamed like jewels when the sun shone upon it. Tall and straight was this vassal chief and mighty was his stride. Great blue and blood red stones shone in the middle of his sword.

But the counselors were wise men. They could see his black heart and read his evil mind, and they spurned him with scorn. They would have driven him from the court. The vassal chief held in his hand a wand, sharp pointed like a knife, by which he worked his magic art.

When the queen appeared, he looked at her and turned pale. Azul's eyes pierced her, but his magic was not strong enough to make her love him. Until then she knew not fear, but now the evil spell was upon her. All of Azul's power was exerted to subdue her gentle heart.

When she went to walk, a wolf sprang up in her path, sharp stones cut through the deerskin and wounded her feet.

Near by was a spring of healing water, but when Maxtella went to drink of it a foul odor of poisonous gases arose.

She sought her couch, but Azul had driven sleep away. When she was alone, the black hearted vassal chief would suddenly appear and with thongs of the deer would beat her white body until his savage lashes drew drops of blood.

All things could he make Maxtella do but love him. False words she spoke to her counselors and did unholy deeds that made her courtiers bow their heads in shame. No more was Maxtella just or merciful. Cruelty, pitiless cruelty, turned her love of her subjects to hate.

Of her attendants who remained faithful none was more so than a little page, a boy of not more than a score of years. These two sat one eve within the palace. The dusky shadows were gathering without, but the night could only bring added wretchedness to Maxtella. The boy sang to her, and as his song died away a black shape entered the room. It was Azul.

"Thy song is sad," he said to the page. "Why do you not weep, Maxtella?"

The rivers of Maxtella's eyes were dried up.

"Now I will teach you how to weep," and he struck her with his cruel thong.

Maxtella turned upon him her timid, pleading eyes. With a mighty bound the youth leaped toward the chief and seized the magic wand. Its possession gave him the strength of many men. He struck the wretch a blow and pinned him to the floor. Azul writhed in pain, and the blood dyed his dress of feathers crimson. None but a wizard might ever loose him. With the blow the spell he had wrought on Maxtella was broken, and all her gentleness and purity returned. It was this that caused her to pity the bleeding wretch, squirming in agony, yet furious with rage. She reached down her delicate hand to withdraw the wand if it were possible, when Azul seized her by the arm and buried his sharp, gleaming teeth into the hand extended in mercy.

Maxtella, unable to release herself, shrieked in pain, for the bite of the sorcerer was as deadly as the poison of the snake with the castanets in his tail.

"Now is thy blood mingled with mine," hissed Azul, "and of thy own free will! Now are we one forever. By my living hate and the mingling of our blood I have supremest power over thee. Coward thou hast ever been; coward thou shalt ever be. Thy spirit shall pass from thee in the form of the creature thou most resemblest—a doe, timid of heart, fleet of foot and spotlessly white. None may slay thee, yet thou wilt ever long for the dart that would release the spell. Thy speed shall shame the fleetest of the herd, and thy matchless beauty shall ever lure the hunter to his death."

And with these words a milk white doe darted from the palace walls, trembling with fright. It hides in brakes and canyons and flees when no hunter is nigh.

Hundreds have seen it, and many have been lured to pursue it. The fallen rocks from canyon walls hide the course of many a hunter who sought to slay the milk white doe. None has ever returned to tell the story of those chases. And those who escaped the canyon's dangers—their bones lie bleaching in eternal snow.—Chicago Times-Herald.

From Minerals, Vegetables.

It has long been a dream of the evolutionist that the vegetable kingdom has evolved from the mineral, as he believes that the animal has evolved from the vegetable, and it may be that in the fairy figures on our window panes we are witnessing, as it were, the efforts of nature to effect this transformation. We are taught that the earth was once too hot to support the life of plants, but that after the surface had cooled, trees, shrubs and mosses sprang up. Whence did they come?

A frosted window pane shows us the strange phenomenon of inorganic matter assuming the shapes of ferns and leaves and fronds, and may perhaps represent to our eyes in miniature a process which went on on a large scale during the prevegetable era of our earth's history. This idea is as old as the Jewish Cabala, where we read, "The breath became a stone, the stone a plant, the plant an animal, the animal a man, the man a spirit, the spirit a god."—London Tit-Bits.

Monte Carlo Victims.

Additions to the long list of victims at Monte Carlo continue to be made. The other day the Countess Jomdes, member of a well known noble family, and her 16-year-old daughter were found dead in one of the hotels of the city. They had taken poison, it was found upon investigation, after losing $60,000 at the tables, practically becoming penniless. They had been in Monte Carlo only a week.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

Many dictionaries of the Indian tongues were made by the early French and Spanish monks.

The Indians of the gulf coast made a sort of beer, while in Mexico the pulque or fermented sap of the maguey was used.

The Peruvian method of recording events was a system of knotted cords. It is, however, claimed by some that these were merely used as helps to the memory.

The early explorers found the Indians engaged in constructing defensive works, as mounds, ditches and embankments, the remains of which, at a later day, were attributed to prehistoric races.

The Indian custom of scalping a slain enemy is one common to many nations in an early state of development. It was practiced by the Scythians and other barbarous nations of Europe in ancient times.

Indian agriculture was confined to a few plants, all of very easy cultivation and mostly indigenous to the soil. Indian corn, squashes, beans, plantains, cassava, tobacco and two or three others exhaust the list.

The bow and arrow, darts and spears, a sort of flint sword, the lasso, the blowpipe, the club and stone balls attached to ropes formed the Indian arsenal of weapons, while shields and occasional coats of mail made of rawhide were the main defense.

The acuteness of the wild Indians in following a trail was almost miraculous. After following it for a few miles they were generally able to tell exactly how many persons were of the party, together with numerous personal peculiarities of the individuals composing it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE FASHION PLATE.

A fetching cotton fabric showing fancy stripes on dark and light blue grounds is known as marine twill.

Among silks taffeta has the preference, as it is of light weave and is produced in a great variety of effects.

All bouffant effects should be left entirely to the thin woman, who needs them and can wear them with good results.

Tall women may wear long capes with good results, but those who are short or of medium height should wear them much shorter.

Crape ribbons are made with satin edges that often contrast in hue with crape, which is very soft and is particularly effective in stock collars.

Fine laces will be used for trimming gowns of india muslin. It is a novel decree of fashion that coarse laces are most suitable for use on brocaded taffetas and similar fabrics.

The fancy pompadour silks are made up into exceedingly dainty parasols. These come in pink, blue, yellow and white grounds, with chine printed garlands strewn over the surface.

Some of the new styles are hideous, one in particular with a deep collar and very wide revers crossing the front in surplice fashion. These revers are trimmed with enormous rosettes, large enough for sauce plates.

Skirts are showing more trimming with every new importation. One skirt has two fluted ruffles arranged in deep scallops, the points of the scallops finished with rosette bows. Another skirt has a 10 inch, flat, side plaited ruffle.

STAGE GLINTS.

The great American play appears to be about 20 years overdue. Will it ever come?

Fritz Williams' suggested starring tour has evidently and sensibly been abandoned.

Summer stock companies have done better this season than at any time during the decade.

New York managers profess to be anxious to get hold of reasonably good plays by Americans.

H. J. Leslie may enter the field of comic opera production with a brand new star next season.

James O'Neill declares that he can only use plays which admit of his being on the stage nearly all the time.

Julia Arthur should at last be happy. She has been interviewed and pictured by one of the leading London weeklies.

George Monroe is to have a new comedy next season. He will try to be a man in one act, a woman in the others and a success in all.

Alice Pierce, the talented child actress, and her mother, May Pierce, will both be in the cast of Hoyt's new satire, "A Satisfied Woman."

Marie Millard's voice has been considerably praised by the New York critics, who say that she cannot act. She is the prima donna of "The Sphinx."

There is no truth in the rumor that Thomas W. Keene has retired from the stage. He will continue his nightly seances with Shakespeare next season.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The sure way to miss success is to miss the opportunity.—Chasles.

It is the penalty of fame that a man must ever keep rising.—Chapin.

There are some people who give with the air of refusal.—Queen Christina.

I have great hope of a wicked man; slender hope of a mean one.—Beecher.

Fiction is a potent agent for good—in the hands of the good.—Mme. Necker.

The pursuit even of the best things ought to be calm and tranquil.—Cicero.

The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once.—Smiles.

He shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without fault.—Fuller.

Foster the beautiful, and every hour thou callest new flowers to birth.—Schiller.

HER SECRET.

Hushed in an awful quiet was the big house, for its mistress lay sick unto death. No longer was it the abode of laughter, for tears had taken its place, and real sorrow had usurped seeming joy. Carriages still drove up, but it was over the straw covered road they came, and their occupants only tarried for inquiry.

The mistress of the house lay sick unto death, she who was so beautiful and so glad. Strange that she should be summoned when there were others, sorrow marked and stricken in years, who waited for the call and prayed it might come quickly, yet waited and prayed in vain. There were others, too, not old nor gray before their time, who might have slipped away into the unknown almost unnoticed, while this woman had so many ties to bind her to earth—her husband, her child, her relations, her legion of friends.

It was hard she should be called away so early from the rich banquet that lay spread before her.

Yet the angel of death was expected. His emissaries had arrived and told of his approach, which may not be staid—nay, nor even long delayed.

The doctor, who knew too well the signs of these fateful envoys, shook his head gravely in reply to the anxious queries of those who loved her best—her sisters, her mother, her husband—but he gave no gleam of hope, for she lay in a deadly lethargy from which it had been impossible to rouse her. In vain her mother spoke to her as she had done in days long gone by, when she was yet a child. In vain her husband stood by her side and took her hand and called her by every endearment she knew so well. In vain her child clutched her breast and cried for her mother to look at her and talk to her again.

Surely if it were possible to bring her back from the edge of the grave these dear ones could do it. But there she lay, stonily impassive, with her great eyes staring into space, cold and unheeding as the sphinx. She gave no sign of life, and the hours fraught with hope sped slowly on, and each one registered a step nearer the grave.

One by one they withdrew from the chamber of death, the husband being the last to obey the doctor's orders, and now none was left in the room but the physician and the nurse—her old servant, the one upon whose knee she had climbed 20 years and more ago.

How slowly the hours passed for the watchers, and yet surely they passed too quickly—just so many hundred more vibrations of the pendulum, just a few strikings of the hour, and all would be over for her so richly endowed with all that should make life worth living.

The doctor never left her side. He sat there with his keen, observant eye fixed upon her, ready to note any change, but there she lay impassive, and the watcher could scarcely see that she breathed.

Her beauty seemed even more perfect now than he had thought it.

Absolutely faultless was the chiseling of those clear cut features. Her dark hair waved loosely around her Grecian brow and trailed across her shoulders, a fit setting for the marvelous whiteness of her face. The great violet eyes—her chief glory—were wide open, staring with terrible fixity into nothingness, or was it into the something beyond? Her lips had lost their vivid color, but this was scarcely a fault; her hands were outside the coverlet, white marble faintly marked with blue, her wedding ring the one discordant note.

For long there had been no sound in the room save the crackling of the fire and the faint ticking of the clock.

Suddenly the doctor bent eagerly forward. Her lips moved. With eagerness he listened. "Linley," she scarcely more than whispered. Then all was silence again.

The nurse rose hurriedly from her chair by the fire. She had only heard a sound.

The doctor raised his hand, and she resumed her seat. Long, long he waited, hoping for another sound of returning consciousness, but none came.

At last he came over to the nurse.

"Did you hear her?"

"What did she say, sir?"

"One word only—'Linley.'"

The nurse suppressed an involuntary exclamation.

"What did it mean, nurse?"

But the woman only shook her head.

"Strange," muttered the doctor, as with knitted eyebrows he reflected and strove to catch some clew. Then he returned to the bedside. There she lay as impassive as before.

"Linley! Linley!" he kept repeating. "What did she mean?"

The nurse made no reply, but sat looking into the fire.

"Nurse, tell me," he said at length, "have you an idea what the mistress meant by that word?"

But the nurse did not or would not hear.

"Look here, nurse," continued he, "I must have an answer. You are keeping something back. Your mistress' life may hang upon you. Tell me, do you know to whom or to what she alluded?"

"I do."

"Then in heaven's name, tell me. She must be roused from her lethargy if she is to live. What did she mean?"

"Doctor, I cannot tell you."

"But you must. I insist upon it. Is that life of no consequence to you? Can you see her die and keep back what might save her life?"

"Yes."

"Then you are committing murder."

The nurse's eyes were fixed on the fire. She seemed to be seeking guidance from the flames. At last her courage failed her, and in distress she cried:

"Oh, heaven! What shall I do? I dare not."

The doctor moved up to her.

"Nurse," said he, "one thing you must do. You must tell me what you know. If you do not, your life will be made hideous and unbearable by the memory of tonight. Cannot you trust me? You know she looks upon me as a friend. The secret, if secret there be, is as safe with me as with you. You must tell me. What did she mean by Linley? Is it a man's name?"

"Yes."

The doctor glanced involuntarily at the bed. No, she could not hear; he need not have lowered his voice.

"Her lover?"

"Yes."

The clock struck, and the woman on the bed was one step nearer the unknown.

"Is this an old affair? I mean is it in the past?"

"No."

The doctor sighed. He had brought the woman into the world, and he loved her as his own child.

"What are we to do, sir?"

"What indeed, nurse?"

He rose and paced the room in his perplexity.

Linley! Who was he? Pshaw! what did it matter? The woman would most surely die unless she could be roused from her lethargy—this Linley might do it, for he was in her mind. He must be sent for if her life was to be saved. Her life! What would it be worth after that? Better death than dishonor. Let her go down to the grave leaving a spotless name, let her mother sorrow for her, let her child treasure the memory of a good mother, let her husband mourn the loss of his faithful wife. Aye, let her die. Yet dare he take this responsibility upon himself? He could save her. Of this he was confident. What had he to do with others? Saving life was his business. She must be saved. This Linley, whoever he was, must be sent for, and at once.

"Nurse, we must send for him."

But the nurse only shook her head.

"Or she will die."

"Better so, sir."

And the doctor wavered.

"Better so; aye, better so indeed. The price is too great to pay, even for life, a life of agony and dishonor. To be held in scorn by those who admired her before. To be scoffed at by those whose attentions she had not deigned to accept. To lose her mother, husband and child at one blow, and gain—what? No, a thousand times, no. Let her die."

The doctor wiped great drops of agony from his brow as he signed her death warrant.

"You are right, nurse. It is best she should die."

He threw himself into a chair, and the nurse took his place at the bedside.

"Doctor," she called out at length.

He stood beside her and noted the change.

"Call them, nurse. She will not live the hour out."

Again they stood by the side of the woman, speechless with grief. How beautiful she looked! How utterly lovely! Oh, the pity of it she must die, so young and so loved! Oh, the irony that love which should have chained her to life had been her doom.

The clock struck once again. The visitor was come, and the woman breathed her last in her husband's arms.

* * * * * * *

"Linley! Linley!" muttered the doctor on his way home. "I wonder who he is. I should like to let him know his villainy is known, to thrash the life out of the scoundrel, to break every bone in his body. Linley, Linley. Nurse will have to tell me who he is."

But the nurse kept her secret and did not tell him.

For it was the doctor's own son.—Good Company.

ONE GIRL'S EXPERIENCE.

The Man Who Knows How to Dance Well Knows Little Else.

She had been to a party the night before, and she was looking correspondingly pale, tired and interesting. When I saw her she had just eaten a hearty breakfast.

"Did you have a good time last night?" I inquired, beaming at her with my best smile.

"No, I didn't," she said shortly.

"Why, dear? Don't you have plenty of partners?"

"Oh, yes, of course. But I've discovered one thing (looking very wise and important), and that is, that the nicest men either can't dance or won't dance. They stand around and look bored, while we poor girls have to waltz with the clowns. They are splendid partners, but they're such dummies aside from their dancing. In between dances time drags horribly. One says the same old things to each man: 'Do you like to dance, Mr. Stupid? Really? How interesting?

"'Nice floor, isn't it? Yes, such a pretty ballroom. The hostess is sweet, isn't she? Such a delightful home, too, —etc., ad nauseam.

"Then if a girl does get a sensible, bright fellow to ask her to dance this is what happens."

She threw open her closet door and brought out the finery which had been worn the night before. The tulle ruffle around the bottom was torn into rags and the tips of the white satin slippers had been trodden upon till none of their original purity of color remained.

"Did you go to the circus?" asked the girl irrelevantly.

"Yes," responded I, wondering what that led up to.

"Then you saw the elephants dance a quadrille. Didn't they do it well? I am sure that half the partners I have don't dance half as well as those great big, silly looking elephants. A man who walks on one's gown, treads on one's toes, tears one's flounces and smashes one's fan is sure to be a college professor. And the fellow who waltes divinely and can twostep like an angel is certain to be a brainless dolt. Write that on your bloomers for future reference," and this flippant young person began darning her ball dress with seemingly needless force.—Chicago Record.

There is a superstition among many colored people in the south that to meet a frog is a lucky incident, indicating that the one thus favored is about to receive money from some unexpected quarter.

CULTURE.

The Things That She Learned at the Afternoon Literary.

Mrs. Van Canoper came in from the afternoon literature class radiant with good spirits.

"My dear," she said to her husband, as she stooped for him to kiss her and unbutton her gloves, "I have had just the loveliest afternoon. So delightful! So instructive! It was all about Mme. d'Arblay, and next week we are to have Charlotte Bronte. I can't tell you what a success these readings are."

Her husband looked up from the stub of his checkbook, which may have accounted for his ill humor as he replied:

"Nothing but a waste of time. I'd be willing to bet tickets to the theater that you can find out more about Mme. d'Arblay in the encyclopedia over there in five minutes than you could learn in a week by trotting off to these meetings. I can't understand why a lot of women get together and rave over some literary chestnut that they really don't care anything about. Now I am not saying anything against Fanny Burney. It's all right to know about her, and to have read her books, but when you come home and tell me that you have learned so much and been so instructed, why, it does make me a trifle weary."

His wife arose with a dangerous snap in her eyes, threw her cloak over her arm, tenderly placed her hat on top of it and started to leave the room.

"You horrid, mean old thing!" she exclaimed as she turned and faced him. "You don't know a thing about it. I could have learned as much at home, could I? Let me tell you that I've got the names and addresses of three new dressmakers in my notebook, and I saw no less than 14 styles of new bonnets, every one of them just as cute as they can be, so there!" and she flounced herself out of the room, while her husband, strong man that he was, bowed his head over his checkbook and muttered hoarsely to himself, "And this is culture!"—Brooklyn Life.

A Judge of Men.

They were spending the summer in the mountains, and men were few. The little stout, middle aged man seemed to be the life of the hotel. He was everywhere, attending to everything. He had a smile and a joke for everybody, and had been particularly devoted to the young girl from Chicago.

"I hate gloomy men," she said. "I like to see men bright and jolly and cheerful, like you. I think a man's business creeps into his manner to a considerable extent, don't you?"

"Um, well, I don't know," he said. "It may, but you can't always tell."

"I can," she said cheerfully. "At least I can generally come pretty close to it. Now, you take that funereal, solemn looking man that we see on the veranda every night. He looks and acts as if he had lost his last friend and never expected to have another. He is somber in his dressing too. His manner shows how seriously he looks at life, and if an observing person can't tell exactly what his business is she ought to be able to get somewhere near it anyway."

"What should you think he was?"

"An undertaker, or a tombstone manufacturer, or a divorce lawyer, or possibly a heavy tragedian."

"Well, he isn't any one of them."

"Do you know him? What is he?" she asked eagerly.

"He is a professional humorist."

"Dear me, how surprising! Now, I should have thought that might have been your business, but certainly not his. What is your business?"

"Oh, I am an undertaker."—Chicago Times-Herald.

No More Escapes.

After filling the post of prison warder for ten years Bruschini adopted the profession of gravedigger.

"What led you to change your occupation?" inquired a friend.

"The circumstance that, in my new employment, I have no escape to fear."—Papagallo.

Sadder and Wiser.

The ill natured mastiff that had made a leap at the tail of a passing cow and got kicked into the gutter for his pains picked himself up and limped slowly away.

"It never pays," he said, "to jump at a conclusion."—Chicago Tribune.

An Unsatisfactory Answer.

Prospective Father-in-law—And you promise to make my daughter happy?

Enamored Youth—I will care for her like a beautiful flower.

Prospective Father-in-law—I hope you don't mean that she is to live on water and air?—Texas Siftings.

Indeed He May!

The Soulful Girl—What is the true test of poetry?

The Poet—Well, if one can get a poem accepted that is written on both sides of the paper, he may rest assured that it is a good thing.—Indianapolis Journal.

His First Experiment.

"How did you make such a mess of your face, Moike?"

"Oi cannot tell a loie, Oi did it w'd me little hatchet."—Truth.

In the Lecture Room.

Professor Colorz—In this prism blue predominates. Mr. Callow, what is the relative value of the blue and the red?

Callow (just waking up)—Why, the blue is 25 cents and the red is 10.—Syracuse Post.

FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER I.

A strange thing happened at the old fort during the still watches of the night. Even now, at 9 in the morning, no one seemed to be in possession of the exact circumstances. The officer of the day was engaged in an investigation, and all that appeared to be generally known was the bald statement that the sentry on No. 5 had fired at somebody or other about half after 3; that he had fired by order of the officer of the day, who was on his post at the time, and that now he flatly refused to talk about the matter.

Garrison curiosity, it is perhaps needless to say, was rather stimulated than lulled by this announcement. An unusual number of officers were chatting about headquarters when Colonel Maynard came over to his office. Several ladies, too, who had hitherto shown but languid interest in the morning music of the band, had taken the trouble to stroll down to the old quadrangle, ostensibly to see guard mounting. Mrs. Maynard was almost always on her piazza at this time, and her lovely daughter was almost sure to be at the gate with two or three young fellows lounging about her. This morning, however, not a soul appeared in front of the colonel's quarters.

Guard mounting at the fort was not held until 9 o'clock, contrary to the somewhat general custom at other posts in our scattered army. Colonel Maynard had ideas of his own upon the subject, and it was his theory that everything worked more smoothly if he had finished a leisurely breakfast before beginning office work of any kind, and neither the colonel nor his family cared to breakfast before 8 o'clock. In view of the fact that Mrs. Maynard had borne that name but a very short time, and that her knowledge of army life dated only from the month of May, the garrison was disposed to consider her entitled to much latitude of choice in such matters, even while it did say that she was old enough to be above bridelike sentiment. The women folk at the fort were of opinion that Mrs. Maynard was 50. It must be conceded that she was over 40; also that this was her second entry into the bonds of matrimony.

That no one should now appear on the colonel's piazza was obviously a disappointment to several people. In some way or other most of the breakfast tables at the post had been enlivened by accounts of the mysterious shooting. The soldiers going the rounds with the "police cart," the butcher and grocer and baker from town, the old milk woman with her glistening cans, had all served as newsmongers from kitchen to kitchen, and the story that came in with the coffee to the lady of the house had lost nothing in bulk or bravery. The groups of officers chatting and smoking in front of headquarters gained accessions every moment, while the ladies seemed more absorbed in chat and confidences than in the sweet music of the band.

What fairly exasperated some men was the fact that the old officer of the day was not out on the parade where he belonged. Only the new incumbent was standing there in statuesque pose as the band trooped along the line, and the fact that the colonel had sent out word that the ceremony would proceed without Captain Chester only served to add fuel to the flame of popular conjecture. It was known that the colonel was holding a consultation with closed doors with the old officer of the day, and never before since he came to the regiment had the colonel been known to look so pale and strange as when he glanced out for just one moment and called his orderly. The soldier sprang up, saluted, received his message, and, with every eye following him, sped off toward the old stone guardhouse. In three minutes he was on his way back, accompanied by a corporal and private of the guard in full dress uniform.

"That's Leary, the man who fired the shot," said Captain Wilton to his senior lieutenant, who stood by his side.

"Belongs to B company, doesn't he?" queried the subaltern. "Seems to me I have heard Captain Armitage say he was one of his best men."

"Yes. He's been in the regiment as long as I can remember. What on earth can the colonel want him for? Near as I can learn, he only fired by Chester's order."

"And neither of them knows what he fired at."

It was perhaps 10 minutes before Private Leary came forth from the doorway of the colonel's office, nodded to the corporal, and raising their white gloved hands in salute to the group of officers the two men tossed their rifles to the right shoulder and strode back to the guard.

Another moment, and the colonel himself opened his door and appeared in the hallway. He stopped abruptly, turned back and spoke a few words in low tone, then hurried through the groups at the entrance, looking at no man, avoiding their glances and giving faint and impatient return to the soldierly salutations that greeted him. The sweat was beaded on his forehead, his lips were white and his face full of a trouble and dismay no man had ever seen there before. He spoke to no one, but walked rapidly homeward, entered and closed the gate and door behind him.

For a moment there was silence in the group. Few men in the service were better loved and honored than the veteran soldier who commanded the ——th infantry, and it was with genuine concern that his officers saw him so deeply and painfully affected, for affected he certainly was. Never before had his cheery voice denied them a cordial "Good morning, gentlemen." Never before had his blue eyes flinched. He had been their comrade and commander in years of frontier service, and his bachelor home had been the rendezvous of all genial spirits when in garrison. They had missed him sorely when he went abroad on long leave the previous year and were almost indignant when they received the news that he had met his fate in Italy and would return married. "She" was the widow of a wealthy New Yorker who had been dead some three years only, and though over 40 did not look her years to masculine eyes when she reached the fort in May.

After knowing her a week the garrison had decided to a man that the colonel had done wisely. Mrs. Maynard was charming, courteous, handsome and accomplished. Only among the women were there still a few who resented their colonel's capture, and some of these, oblivious of the fact that they had tempted him with relations of their own, were sententious and severe in their condemnation of second marriage, for the colonel, too, was indulging in a second experiment. Of his first only one man in the regiment besides the commander could tell anything, and he, to the just indignation of almost everybody, would not discuss the subject. It was rumored that in the old days when Maynard was senior captain and Chester junior subaltern in their former regiment the two had very little in common. It was known that the first Mrs. Maynard, while still young and beautiful, had died abroad. It was hinted that the resignation of a dashing lieutenant of the regiment, which was synchronous with her departure for foreign shores, was demanded by his brother officers, but it was useless asking Captain Chester. He could not tell, and—wasn't it odd?—here was Chester again, the only man in the colonel's confidence in an hour of evident trouble.

"By Jove! What's gone wrong with the chief?" was the first exclamation from one of the older officers. "I never saw him look so broken."

As no explanation suggested itself, they began edging in toward the office. The door stood open, a handbell banged, a clerk darted in from the sergeant major's rooms, and Captain Chester was revealed seated at the colonel's desk. This in itself was sufficient to induce several officers to stroll in and look inquiringly around. Captain Chester, merely nodding, went on with some writing at which he was engaged.

After a moment's awkward silence and uneasy glancing at one another the party seemed to arrive at the conclusion that it was time to speak. The band had ceased, and the new guard had marched away behind its pealing bugles. Lieutenant Hall winked at his comrades, strolled hesitatingly over to the desk, balanced unsteadily on one leg, and with his hands sticking in his trousers pockets, and his forage cap swinging from protruding thumb and forefinger, cleared his throat, and with marked lack of confidence accosted his absorbed superior:

"Colonel gone home?"

"Didn't you see him?" was the uncompromising reply, and the captain did not deign to raise his head or eyes.

"Well—er—yes, I suppose I did," said Mr Hall, shifting uncomfortably to his other leg and prodding the floor with the toe of his boot.

"Then that wasn't what you wanted to know, I presume," said Captain Chester, signing his name with a vicious dab of the pen and bringing his fist down with a thump on the blotting pad, while he wheeled around in his chair and looked squarely up into the perturbed features of the junior.

"No, it wasn't," answered Mr. Hall in an injured tone, while an audible snicker at the door added to his sense of discomfort. "What I mainly wanted was to know if I could go to town."

"That matter is easily arranged, Mr. Hall. All you have to do is to get out of that uncomfortable and unsoldierly position, stand in the attitude in which you are certainly more at home and infinitely more picturesque, proffer your request in respectful words, and there is no question as to the result."

"Oh, you're in command, then?" said Mr. Hall, slowly wriggling into the position of the soldier and flushing through his bronzed cheeks. "I thought the colonel might be only gone for a minute."

"The colonel may not be back for a week, but you be here for dress parade all the same, and—Mr. Hall!" he called as the young officer was turning away. The latter faced about again.

"Was Mr. Jerrold going with you to town?"

"Yes, sir. He was to drive me in his dogcart, and it's over here now."

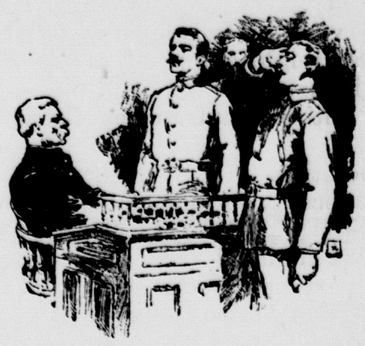
"Mr. Jerrold cannot go—at least not until I have seen him."

"Why, captain, he got the colonel's permission at breakfast this morning."

"That is true, no doubt, Mr. Hall." And the captain dropped his sharp and captious manner, and his voice fell as though in sympathy with the cloud that settled on his face. "I cannot explain matters just now. There are reasons why the permission is withdrawn for the time being. The adjutant will notify him." And Captain Chester turned to his desk again as the new officer of the day, guardbook in hand, entered to make his report.

"The usual orders, captain," said Chester as he took the book from his hand and looked over the list of prisoners. Then, in bold and rapid strokes, he wrote across the page the customary certificate of the old officer of the day, winding up with this remark:

"He also inspected guard and visited



"Has any one here anything to ask?"

sentries between 3 and 3:35 a. m. The firing at 3:30 a. m. was by his order."

Meantime those officers who had entered and who had no immediate duty to perform were standing or seated around the room, but all observing profound silence. For a moment or two no sound was heard but the scratching of the captain's pen. Then, with some embarrassment and hesitancy, he laid it down and glanced around him.

"Has any one here anything to ask—any business to transact?"

Two or three mentioned some routine matters that required the action of the post commander, but did so reluctantly, as though they preferred to await the orders of the colonel himself. Captain Wilton indeed spoke his sentiments:

"I wanted to see Colonel Maynard about getting two men of my company relieved from extra duty, but as he isn't here I fancy I had better wait."

"Not at all. Who are your men? Have it done at once, Mr. Adjutant, and supply their places from my company if need be. Now, is there anything else?"

The group was apparently "nonplused," as the adjutant afterward put it, by such unlooked for complacence on the part of the usually crotchety senior captain. Still, no one offered to lead the others and leave the room. After a moment's nervous rapping with his knuckles on the desk Captain Chester again abruptly spoke:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to incommode you, but if there be nothing more that you desire to see me about I shall go on with some other matters, which, pardon me, do not require your presence."

At this very broad hint the party slowly found their legs, and with much wonderment and not a few resentful glances at their temporary commander the officers sauntered to the doorway. There, however, several stopped again, still reluctant to leave in the face of so pervading a mystery, for Wilton turned.

"Am I to understand that Colonel Maynard has left the post to be gone any length of time?" he asked.

"He has not yet gone. I do not know how long he will be gone or how soon he will start. For pressing personal reasons he has turned over the command to me, and if he decide to remain away of course some field officer will be ordered to come to headquarters. For a day or two you will have to worry along with me, but I sha'n't worry you more than I can help. I've got mystery and mischief enough here to keep me busy, God knows. Just ask Sloat to come back here to me, will you? And, Wilton, I did not mean to be abrupt with you. I'm all upset today. Mr. Adjutant, notify Mr. Jerrold at once that he must not leave the post until I have seen him. It is the colonel's last order. Tell him so."

CHAPTER II.

The night before had been unusually dark. A thick veil of clouds overspread the heavens and hid the stars. Moon there was none, for the faint silver crescent that gleamed for a moment through the swift sailing wisps of vapor had dropped beneath the horizon soon after tattoo, and the mournful strains of "taps," borne on the rising wind, seemed to signal "extinguish lights" to the entire firmament as well as to Fort Sibley. There was a dance of some kind at the quarters of one of the staff officers living far up the row on the southern terrace. Chester heard the laughter and chat as the young officers and their convoy of matrons and maids came tripping homeward after midnight. He was a crusty old bachelor, to use his own description, and rarely ventured into these scenes of social gayety, and besides he was officer of the day, and it was a theory he was fond of expounding to juniors that when on guard no soldier should permit himself to be drawn from the scene of his duties.

With his books and his pipe Chester whiled away the lonely hours of the early night and wondered if the wind would blow up a rain or disperse the clouds entirely. Toward 1 o'clock a light, bounding footstep approached his door, and the portal flew open as a trim built young fellow, with laughing eyes and an air of exuberant health and spirits, came briskly in. It was Rollins, the junior second lieutenant of the regiment and Chester's own and only pet—so said the envious others. He was barely a year out of leading strings at the Point and as full of hope and pluck and mischief as a colt. Moreover, he was frank and teachable, said Chester, and didn't come to him with the idea that he had nothing to learn and less to do. The boy won upon his gruff captain from the very start, and, to the incredulous delight of the whole regiment, within six months the old cynic had taken him into his heart and home, and Mr. Rollins occupied a pleasant room under Chester's rooftree and was the sole accredited sharer of the captain's mess. To a youngster just entering service, whose ambition it was to stick to business and make a record for zeal and efficiency, these were manifest advantages.

There were men in the regiment to whom such close communion with a watchful senior would have been most embarrassing, and Mr. Rollins' predecessor as second lieutenant of Chester's company was one of these. Mr. Jerrold was a happy man when promotion took him from under the wing of Crusty Jake and landed him in Company B. More than that, it came just at a time when, after four years of loneliness and isolation at an up river stockade, his new company and his old one, together with four others from the regiment, were ordered to join headquarters and the band at the most delightful station in the northwest. Here Mr. Rollins had reported for duty during the previous autumn, and here they were with troops of other arms of the service, enjoying the close proximity of all the good things of civilization.

Chester looked up, with a quizzical smile, as his "plebe" came in:

"Well, sir, how many dances had you with Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt? Not many, I fancy, with Mr. Jerrold monopolizing everything as usual. By gad! some good fellow could make a colossal fortune in buying that young man at my valuation and selling him at his own."

(To be Continued.)

WIVES AS TREASURERS.

A Man Whose Wife Carried the Purse—A Bachelor's Wisdom.

Two passengers on a New Haven train approaching the city a few mornings ago conversed together in a loud tone—that is, one of them, who was bluff, hearty, stout and a bachelor, talked in a particularly loud voice, while his companion, who was thin, meek and a benedict, answered in lower tones, which were still not inaudible after the passengers in the seats near by began to take an interest in the conversation.

"No," said the bachelor, "they want me to get married, but I tell them that I've seen enough of married people and I don't care to be tied down the way most of them are. Why, there was a man down in our place died not long ago, and the widow came down to get his wages. He had died on a Friday, and he had a week's wages coming to him. You ought to have seen that widow when she found out how much he got a week. He had been taking his wages home to her every week and giving it all to her to divide, as she supposed. But when she found out that he had been getting $3 a week more all the time she seemed to wish that he were alive again just for a little while, but I guess that he would just as soon have been dead if he had had his choice then. I have heard lots of people say that you ought to take all your money home to your wife, but I don't want any one telling me how much I shall spend for carfare or luncheon."

"Well, there is something in that," said the married man basely. He was a particularly humble looking man, who crouched down in his seat as if he did not dare sit upright, but his wife was far away, and he was emboldened, in the confidences of talk on a suburban train, to reveal his woes. "Now, I do feel badly sometimes when I want to take a man out to luncheon with me and spend some money in entertaining him. If I don't do it, I cannot very well keep his custom, and if I do it, it costs so much money that my wife, who knows just what I receive, thinks I am dreadfully extravagant, and talks to me about the way in which I am wasting money."

"Yes, that's just it," said the loud voiced bachelor. "If you don't spend money you lose trade, and yet you married men are half of you afraid to go around and spend money freely on your customers. I know a man in our store who doesn't dare spend more than 35 cents for luncheon for fear his wife will find it out. They talk about letting your wife spend all your money, but for my part I'd rather spend it myself, and that's why I tell all my friends that I am not going to be married."

Just at this point the train entered the Park avenue tunnel and the voice of the base revealer of secrets, who did not worthily support the part of the married man, was lost in the rumble of the train.—New York Tribune.

Hard Fighters In Law.

"Clients love a hard fighter, and the onlookers are impressed with his zeal," says Richard D. Doyle in an article on "Law and Lawyers" in The Southern Magazine. "In my own experience I have had cases where I advised my clients not to sue because I was sure they had no chance, and although they followed my advice, instead of employing other counsel, they refused to pay a reasonable fee and in one case left me to pay the court costs. And I have seldom advised a client to compromise or submit to arbitration that I did not displease him. It requires moral courage to advise one against his inclinations, but it is sometimes a lawyer's sacred duty. Whatever may be said as to its morality or true wisdom, yet I must say I regard this aggressive and partisan spirit more conducive to modern success than profound judgment, for I have seen lawyers succeed chiefly by reason of it in whom the logical faculty was not at all conspicuous. In speaking of success, it will be observed that I do not mean the eminence of such men as Erskine, Wirt, Webster, William Pinckney, Rufus Choate and Charles O'Conor, but such success as is attained by the leading members of the bar in every town or city of the United States, who have a good practice, sometimes very lucrative, though they are unknown to fame and forgotten outside their neighborhood when they are gone."

Identical With the Bible.

A Babylonian tablet in the British museum which has been deciphered has an account of the death of King Sennacherib almost identical with that in the Bible (II Kings, xix, 37).—Philadelphia Record.

LIME AS A FERTILIZER.

Its Value to the Farmer—How and When It May Be Applied.

If we study the composition of plants, we find that lime is the most important part of the mineral elements of nearly every one. And it is to be remembered that in the growth of plants every element found in them is indispensable. But how much more must it be so—if such a thing were possible, for one element to be more indispensable than another—for lime, which exists in such a large proportion, to be anything but indispensable. And this must be thought so as we consider that in the ash of hay one-eighth part is lime; in the ash of clover more than a third of it is lime; in the ash of potato tops nearly one-half is lime. The ashes of wood, which we think so valuable on account of the potash in them, have several times more lime than potash, the lime amounting to from 30 to 70 per cent. And there is not one plant grown that has not lime in its ashes. The same applies to potash and phosphoric acid, and reasonably these are supposed to be food for plants; why, then, is not lime a plant food? Surely it must be so considered. Thus writes that excellent authority, Henry Stewart, in The American Agriculturist. He also is authority for the following:

The best farmed localities in the world are those where the soil contains a large proportion of lime, being derived from the decomposition of limestone rocks. But it is not so much on account of the lime in the soil that the land is so well farmed and so productive, but mostly for the reason that lime being there abundant and cheap, the farmers burn the limestone and make lime, and apply it to the land. Lime only is a plant food, but limestone is not, and the soil may be well filled with limestone and yet be quite poor. Now lime is a very active chemical substance. This will be seen if some of it is put in some vinegar. This will foam up and boil over the cup, and a large quantity of gas will be evolved. In the end there will be no more acid in the vinegar. And this is one effect of lime on soil that is sour, such as swamp land, in which the excess of acid prevents the growth of any useful plants.

If we put some lime on a dead animal or on any other organic matter, it will quickly decompose it and reduce it to its original elements, and this is one effect of lime when used in a compost, the matters thus decomposed then becoming good manure and useful food for plants. And this same effect is produced in the soil when quicklime is applied, as it usually is in the fall when the land is prepared for wheat and grass and clover seeding. But the chemist may take some sand or other mineral matter and mix lime with it, and then add water, and the lime will dissolve quite a considerable quantity of this mineral matter, forming silicate of lime, and by taking the silica from the potash, or the phosphate, or magnesia, or the alumina, etc., that the soil is made up of, the lime renders these elements of plant food soluble and available for the crops.

Now this is a small part of the natural history of lime, as it is used in good farming. And with such a history we must realize its value to the farmer, quite independently of the fact whether it is actually a plant food or not. And as the season is approaching when the land is in the best condition for the application of lime, as lime is most soluble in cold water, and the wheat crop is most convenient for it, it is a question for all of us if it is not advisable to so use it, and gather the fruits of its good effects on the soil. The freshly burned lime only is used, and 20 to 40 bushels per acre is the usual quantity. It is left in heaps in the field, preferably of one bushel each, two rods apart, and in a few days it falls to a fine powder by the action of the moisture of the air, or a shower of rain, when it is easily spread quite evenly—so as to just whiten the surface—with a long handled shovel. But when lime is thus used for the wheat, it is not advisable to use superphosphate until the spring. It can then be used to advantage.

Cottonseed Meal to Swine.

The results of an investigation made at the Iowa station on feeding cotton seed and other meals to swine seem to warrant the following conclusions: 1. Cottonseed meal is fatal to hogs when fed in sufficient quantity; the total amount required to prove fatal being in this case from 27 to 33 pounds per hog. 2. Hogs in this experiment were fed without injury for 17 weeks following cattle that were fed from four to seven pounds of cottonseed meal per head daily. 3. Cottonseed meal added to a corn and cob meal ration for hogs materially increased and cheapened the gains over corn and cob meal alone. 4. Cut clover hay added to a corn and cob meal ration and soaked 12 hours before feeding gave no advantage in gain over corn and cob meal alone.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Several United States cities are now using hard pressed, tar saturated cubes of hay for paving purposes.

The first English paper mill was built in the year 1470, but no book was printed on English paper until the year 1495.

A proposition has been made by a New England paper to have the rich men buy up the abandoned farms in the eastern states and turn them into game preserves.

At Rome there is a tomb bearing this inscription: "Here lies Salvino Arnota d'Armanti of Florence, the inventor of spectacles. May God pardon his sins—1317."

Quite a profitable business is done in some large towns of England by lending turtles to restaurants. They are permitted to remain in the windows for a few days and are then taken to different parts of the city as advertisements for other eating houses.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

HE WILL BE KING OF SIAM.

Slim Young Vadjira Vudh Is Made Crown Prince.

The young crown prince of Siam has been formally invested with all the insignia of his office.

He is only 16 years old and is studying at Ascot, England, so as to learn to be a king.

His name is almost as big as he is—Chowa Maha Vadjira Vudh.

The ceremony was performed in the drawing room of the Siamese legation at South Kensington, because it was not thought advisable to recall him to Bangkok on the death of the late Crown Prince Maha Vadjirunhis.

The young crown prince is the eldest son of King Chulalon Korn by his second wife.

Chulalon Korn's name is quite enough for several people. In full it is Phrabat Somdet Phra Paramindr Maha Chulalon

Korn Phra Chula Chom Klao Phra Chow Yuhua. Besides he has chosen another name, more familiar—George Washington.

The young prince may also choose the name of some foreign great man if he outlives his father and is permitted to ascend the throne.

Eight special envoys from the king brought over the swords. One of these was the boy's uncle, Prince Svarti Sabhana, and to him the king gave the commands for every detail of the ceremony.

All the representatives of the Siamese kingdom in Europe attended, all the men in gorgeous uniforms and the ladies in brilliant costumes. The crown prince wore the glittering uniform of a lieutenant of the royal bodyguard.

The ceremony was very simple.

Prince Svasti approached the crown prince, and having presented the proclamation invested him with the insignia of the White Elephant. The commission and proclamation were read, and the investiture was completed with the high civil and military commissions which the rank of the prince compels him to hold.

Then followed congratulatory addresses in the Siamese language, the first being delivered by the Siamese minister in Paris.

The crown prince replied, and the ceremony was at an end.

Among the insignia presented were two magnificently jeweled swords, which have been in the possession of the crown princes of Siam for the last 100 years. One is of the rarest workmanship, set in rubies and emeralds on a background of pure gold.

The ceremony was too much for the little fellow, and after it was all over he was ill.

The Strength of a Jumping Mouse.

In proportion to its size, I believe the jumping mouse is the most active and powerful of all vertebrate animals. This tiny creature—no larger than a man's thumb—is from 2½ to 3 inches in length, with a tail about twice as long as the head and body. It is therefore no larger than a house mouse, but it has light fore quarters, strong hind quarters, very long hind legs—and it can jump from 8 to 10 feet. If a mouse weighing two ounces (average) can jump 10 feet, how far should a 100 pound boy of equal agility be able to ump? Figure it out for yourself, and when you have obtained the correct answer, you will properly appreciate the hind legs of this wonderful little mite.—W. T. Hornaday in St. Nicholas.

Ruth and the Horse.

Little Ruth was looking out of the window at the baker's horse. "Mamma," she said, "doesn't a horse use two of his legs for hands?"

"Why, no," mamma answered. "A horse doesn't need hands as we do."

"But, mamma," the little girl persisted, "I don't see what he does when his nose itches."—Youth's Companion.

How Do You Measure?

I'm just as tall as my Brother Joe,
For all he'll tell you it isn't so.
Often and often he has said
He's taller than I by half a head.
If you count that way, perhaps he is,
But—my feet go down as far as his.
So, wherever our heads may be, I say
I'm exactly as tall the other way.
—Sydney Dayre in Youth's Companion.

Held to the Habit.

"I can't let you have any money, that's flat," said the new woman.

"Why?" asked the husband, tears gathering in his limpid blue eyes.

"Because," confessed the breadwinner shamefacedly, "there is a bargain sale down at Cuttem's, and they are selling the loveliest spring trousers ever seen for $2.98. I thought I had got over the bargain counter habit, but this is something I cannot resist."—Indianapolis Journal.

The wise are instructed by reason, ordinary minds by experience, the stupid by necessity and brutes by instinct.—Cicero.

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The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of $2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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